



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



№4 - APRIL - MAY

OPERATION:

PERIL

10¢

Starring
THESE
RED-BLOODED
ADVENTURERS:

DANNY DANGER
TYPHOON TYLER
TIME TRAVELERS



Opden
Whitney



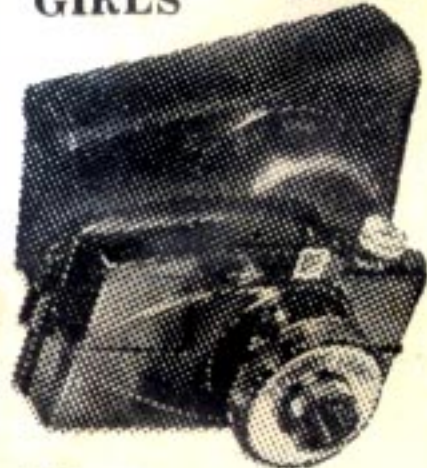
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS



ACT
NOW

MAIL
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

PREMIUMS OR CASH

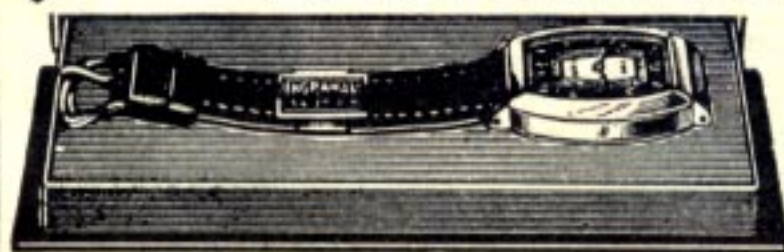


OUR
56th YEAR

ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable



Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

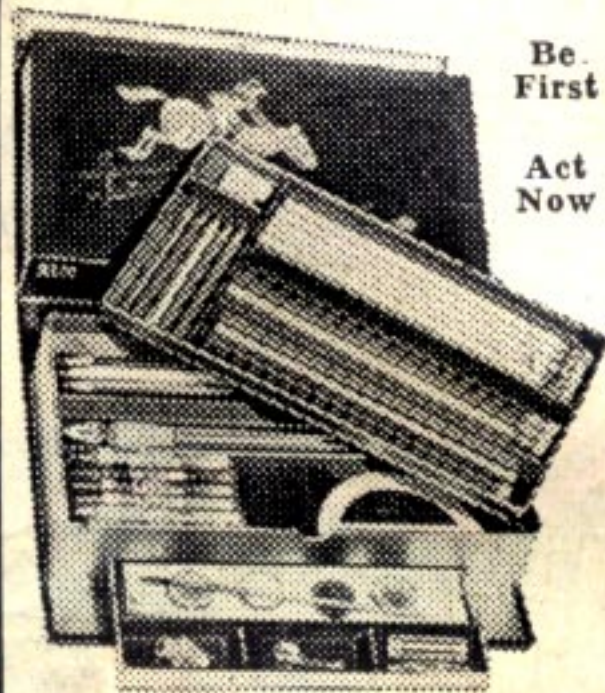


OUR
56th
YEAR

Mail
Coupon

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Be
First

Act
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27 Tyrone, Pa.

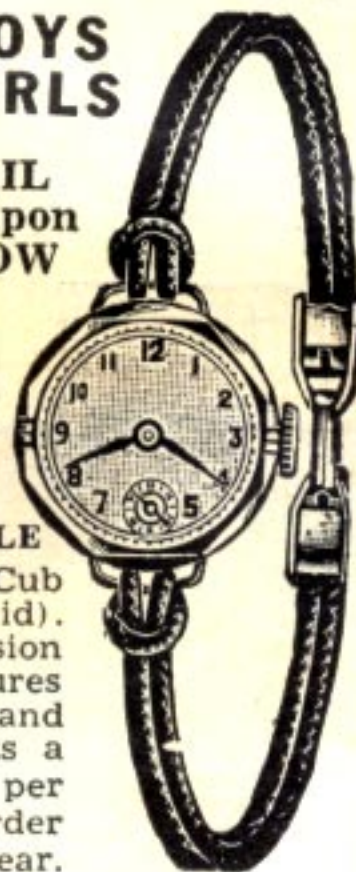
PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS

MAIL
Coupon
NOW

Our
56th
Year



WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

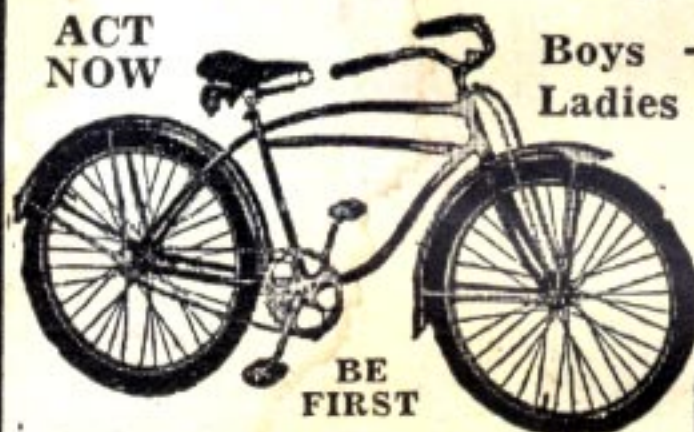
MEN

Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

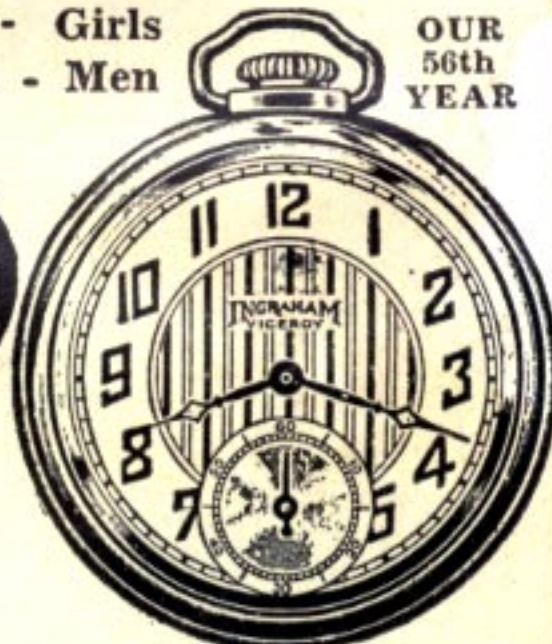
ACT
NOW

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

OUR
56th
YEAR



BE
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



Mail Coupon

BOYS
GIRLS

ACT NOW

Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AM, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____ Age _____

St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Print LAST Name Here _____

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

1st TIME TRAVELERS



AT A MEETING OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION... IN WASHINGTON, D.C. ---

GENTLEMEN...THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM

ARISING FROM ATOMIC FISSION IS THE SAFE DISPOSAL OF RADIOACTIVE GASES! SINCE AN ACCUMULATION OF THESE DEADLY VAPORS CAN EVENTUALLY SPREAD AS MUCH RADIATION AS AN EXPLODED A-BOMB, WE'VE ASKED DR. REDFIELD TO WORK OUT A SOLUTION...AND AS USUAL, WE'VE GOTTEN RESULTS!



I DON'T CLAIM ANY CREDIT FOR THE PROCESS... BECAUSE IT'S ONE THAT MUST BE OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM! THE RADIOACTIVE GASES MUST BE RELEASED AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...AND THAT MEANS CARRYING THEM TO THE MOON!



AS YOU SEE, THIS TANK...WITH A CAPACITY OF THOUSANDS OF CUBIC FEET...IS MUCH LARGER THAN THE SPACESHIP! BUT THE GASES GIVE IT BUOYANCY... MEANING THE SPACESHIP CAN PULL IT TO THE MOON IN **LESS THAN AN HOUR!**

JUST A MOMENT! UNDOUBTEDLY, DR. REDFIELD'S PLAN WILL WORK...BUT IS IT **NECESSARY?**



WE CALL OURSELVES SCIENTISTS...AND YET HALF THE TIME WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT! SOME OF US BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF FLYING SAUCERS...AND OTHERS, LIKE DR. REDFIELD, REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE THAT RADIOACTIVE GASES CAN BE **USEFUL!** WHY BOTHER MAKING A TRIP TO THE MOON...WHEN MY PROCESS CAN BE OF **BENEFIT** TO HUMANITY?

I'M SORRY, DR. VOLKA...BUT IT'S A LITTLE LATE TO SUGGEST ANOTHER METHOD AT **THIS** STAGE! DR. REDFIELD HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED TO GO AHEAD...AND THE HUGE TANK HE SUGGESTED IS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION!



AS THE MEETING DISBANDS...

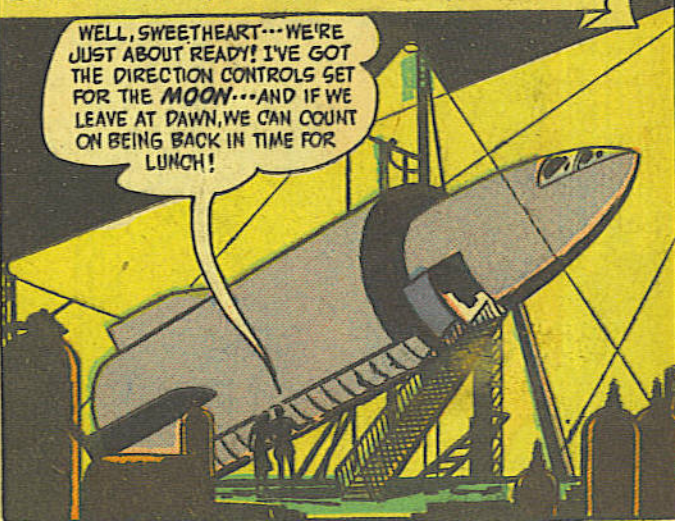
WHO **IS** THIS DR. VOLKA, TOM? THERE'S BOUND TO BE RIVALRY AMONG SCIENTISTS...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS MANNER THAT GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!**

I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF VOLKA UP TO A FEW MONTHS AGO, PEGGY! SINCE THEN, HE'S GOTTEN A LOT OF PUBLICITY BY CLAIMING THAT FLYING SAUCERS ARE MERELY A MATTER OF MASS HYSTERIA...AND HE ALSO SEEMS TO THINK THAT **SPACE FLIGHTS** ARE JUST A WASTE OF TIME!



A WEEK LATER...AT THE SPACESHIP LAUNCHING GROUNDS...

WELL, SWEETHEART...WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY! I'VE GOT THE DIRECTION CONTROLS SET FOR THE **MOON**...AND IF WE LEAVE AT DAWN, WE CAN COUNT ON BEING BACK IN TIME FOR LUNCH!



OHH!

DON'T BE ALARMED, MISS FOSTER! I REALIZE HOW LATE IT IS...BUT I WANTED A WORD WITH DR. REDFIELD BEFORE YOU SET OUT!



IN FACT, REDFIELD...I'M HERE TO MAKE A **BARGAIN!** GIVE UP THIS IDEA OF GOING TO THE MOON, AND I'LL REVEAL THE SECRET OF A VAST NEW CHANGE THAT WILL ROCK THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE...A CHANGE THAT WILL MAKE ATOMIC POWER LOOK LIKE A PEBBLE THROWN IN THE OCEAN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THIS, VOLKA...BUT I'M TOO BUSY TO LISTEN TO YOUR CRACKPOT IDEAS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

HAVING TROUBLE, DR. REDFIELD? HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH THE GATE WHILE WE WERE CHANGING THE GUARD...BUT WELL...TO HAVE OTHER PLANS!

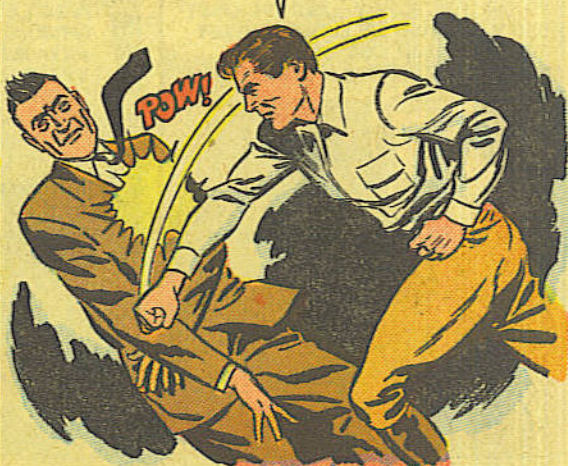
YOU WILL, OH? FOOLS...I HAPPEN TO HAVE OTHER PLANS!



Then... AS IF THE DARKNESS SPAWNED LIVING ECHOES...



WHATEVER THOSE DOUBLES MEAN, VOLKA... YOU CAN COUNT ON DOUBLE TROUBLE!

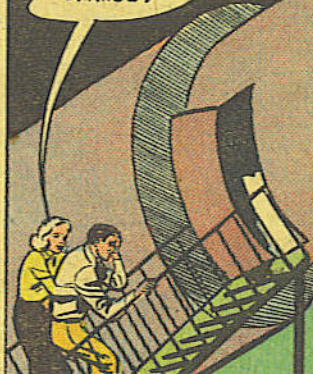


HAA! NOW THAT THE GUARDS ARE DEAD, THERE'S *ONE* SECRET I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP...AND THAT'S THE FATE I HAVE IN MIND FOR YOU!



AS THE GRIM-FACED MARAUDERS DRAW CLOSER...

TOM...THOSE MADMEN ARE OUT TO KILL US! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE SPACESHIP...IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

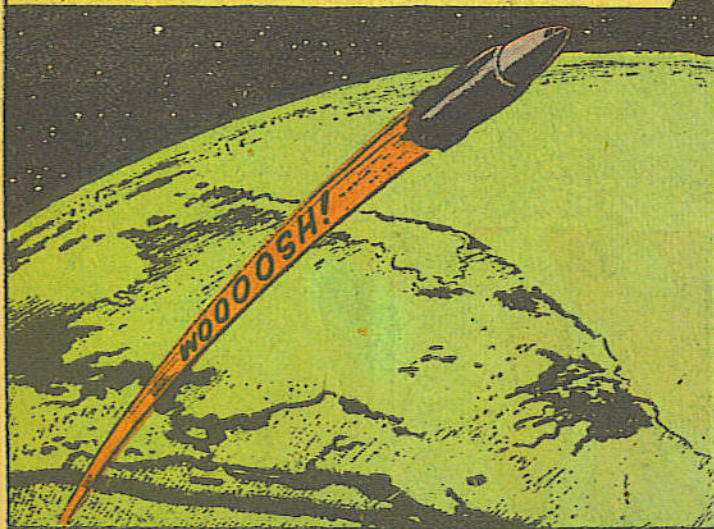


THANK GOODNESS EVERYTHING'S READY...I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING BUT PRESS THE STARTER PEDAL!



HEH-HEH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED THEY'D DO...BUT WHAT A CRASHING SURPRISE THIS SPACE JOURNEY IS GOING TO BE!

Then... WITH A CRIMSON STREAK TRAILING TEN MILES BEHIND IT...



SECONDS LATER...

GOOD THING MY HEAD CLEARED IN TIME, PEGGY! ONE GLANCE AT THE INDICATOR PANEL IS ENOUGH...WE'RE GOING TO OVERSHOOT THE MOON!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY! THE SPACESHIP CONTROLS NEVER FAILED US BEFORE, TOM!



THERE'S THE ANSWER...WE'RE MOVING AT SUCH A TERRIFIC VELOCITY THAT THE CONTROLS ARE NEXT TO USELESS! VOLKA'S CONNECTED THE RADIOACTIVE GAS TANK TO OUR FUEL SUPPLY...AND THE SPACE-SHIP'S DRAWING ON ENOUGH ENERGY TO SEND IT MILLIONS OF MILES **BEYOND** THE MOON!

Hours later...WITH THE SPACESHIP WHIZZING UNCHECKED THROUGH THE BLACK CHASM OF THE UNIVERSE...

SEE THOSE REVOLVING RINGS, PEGGY? WE'RE ENTERING SATURN'S ATMOSPHERE, AND VOLKA MUST HAVE CALCULATED PRETTY CLOSELY HOW FAR THE GAS WOULD TAKE US...BECAUSE **THAT'S** WHERE WE'RE LANDING!



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

GOOD HEAVENS...**LOOK!** THE RINGS OF SATURN ARE ACTUALLY THOUSANDS OF IMMENSE **FLYING SAUCERS**... ENDLESSLY CIRCLING THE PLANET!

YEP...AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY VOLKA SPENT SO MUCH TIME TRYING TO PROVE THEY DON'T EXIST! HE **KNOWS** THEY'RE HERE...AND HE'S BEEN TRYING TO LULL THE WORLD INTO A SENSE OF FALSE SECURITY!

AS THE SPACESHIP HURTLES SAFELY THROUGH THE STREAM OF FLYING SAUCERS...

WE'RE LUCKY THE SPACESHIP'S SPEED IS MUCH GREATER THAN THEIRS, PEGGY...JUST LIKE A BULLET FIRED FROM A PLANE THROUGH THE PATH OF A WHIRRING PROPELLER!

CRUNCH!

AK BONGA!

BONGA YIK GARU!

YE GODS! THEY'RE NEITHER ANIMAL NOR HUMAN... BUT AT LEAST THEY HAVE THE POWER OF SPEECH!

PEGGY... **QUICK!** SWITCH THE **TIME MACHINE** BACK ALMOST ALL THE WAY... TO THE AGE WHEN EVERY LIVING THING SHARED A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE!



WAIT! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM US!

WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE **THAT**... WHEN YOU RESEMBLE OUR SATURNIAN OVERLORDS, WHO CONQUERED US CRONIANS WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG?



WE'RE NOT FRIENDS OF THE SATURNIANS! WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED INTO COMING HERE BY AN EARTH SCIENTIST NAMED VOLKA!

VOLKA!



SUDDENLY...

TOM... WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE SHAFTS OF LIGHT? THEY'RE MOVING... JUST AS IF THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR US!



CRONIANS... WHO ARE THESE TRESPASSERS? YOU KNOW YOUR DUTY... BRING THEM HERE!



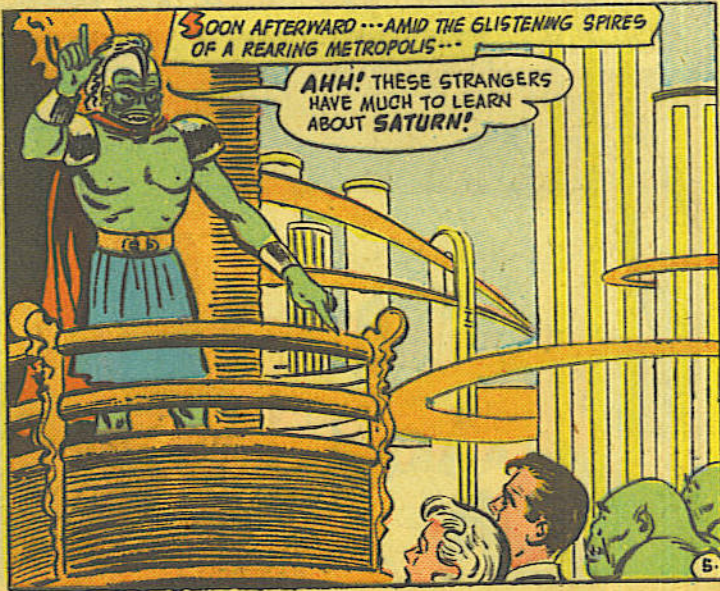
YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! WE COME FROM A COUNTRY THAT FIGHTS FOR THE LIBERATION OF SLAVES AND UNDER-DOGS!

GLYKOS HAS SPOKEN... WE MUST OBEY!



SOON AFTERWARD... AMID THE GLISTENING SPIRES OF A REARING METROPOLIS...

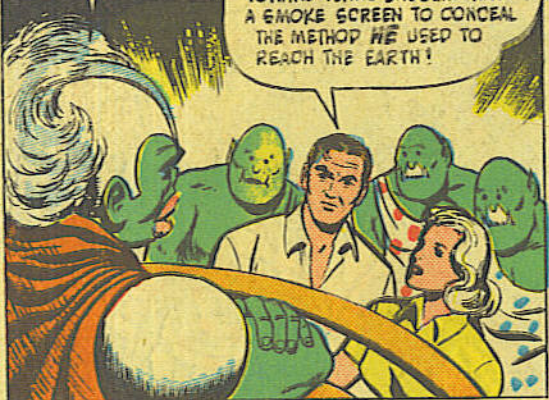
AHH! THESE STRANGERS HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT SATURN!



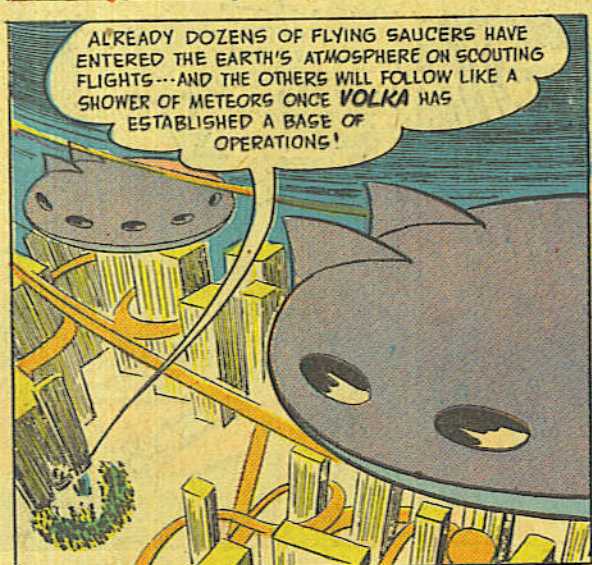
EARTHLINGS...I AM GLYKOS,
SECOND IN COMMAND TO THE
SUPREME OVERLORD OF
SATURN...VOLKA!

SUPREME OVER-
LORD, EH? I KIND OF
THOUGHT THAT RAT
WAS MORE THAN HE PRE-
TENDED TO BE... BUT I NEVER
DREAMED THAT HIS ATTITUDE
TOWARD FLYING SAUCERS WAS
A SMOKE SCREEN TO CONCEAL
THE METHOD HE USED TO
REACH THE EARTH!

WE SATURNIANS INVENTED FLYING SAUCERS OVER A
THOUSAND YEARS AGO...AND WE'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR THE EARTH TO REACH A STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT THAT
WOULD MAKE ITS CONQUEST WORTHWHILE! MEANWHILE, THE
FLYING SAUCERS HAVE BEEN KEPT IN MOTION AROUND
SATURN'S MAGNETIC ORBIT, GATHERING INCREASING
MOMENTUM FOR THEIR FLIGHT ACROSS SPACE... WHILE
YOUR STUPID ASTRONOMERS PEER THROUGH THEIR
PUNY TELESCOPES AT THE "RINGS" OF
SATURN!



ALREADY DOZENS OF FLYING SAUCERS HAVE
ENTERED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE ON SCOUTING
FLIGHTS...AND THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW LIKE A
SHOWER OF METEORS ONCE VOLKA HAS
ESTABLISHED A BASE OF
OPERATIONS!



YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT
UNDERRATING THE
EARTH'S ABILITY TO
FIGHT BACK,
CHUM?



YOU WILL PROVE TO
OUR PEOPLE THAT THEY
HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM
EARTHLINGS... BECAUSE YOU
HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO
FIGHT AS A GLADIATOR IN
THE TEMPLE OF PYRA...
CHIEF GODDESS OF THE
SATURNIANS!

MINUTES LATER...



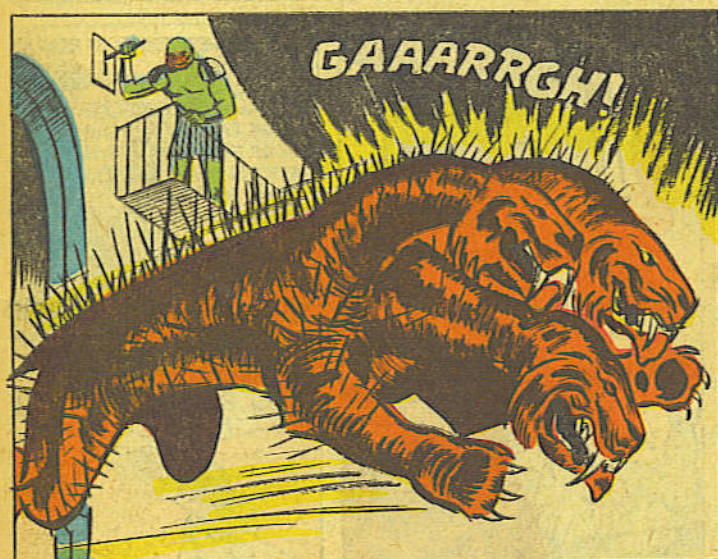
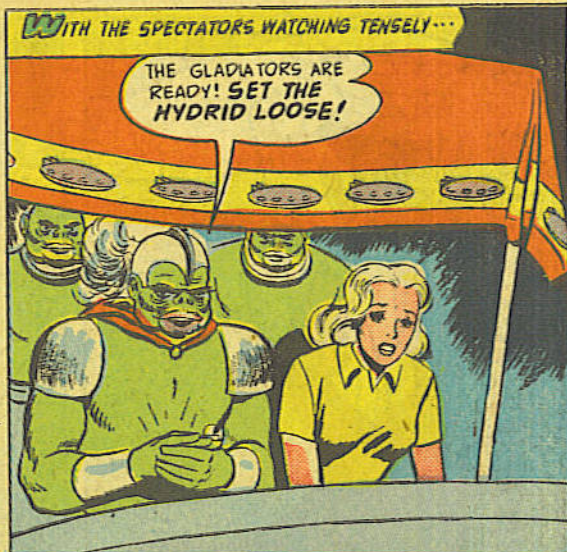
GLYKOS!
GLYKOS!

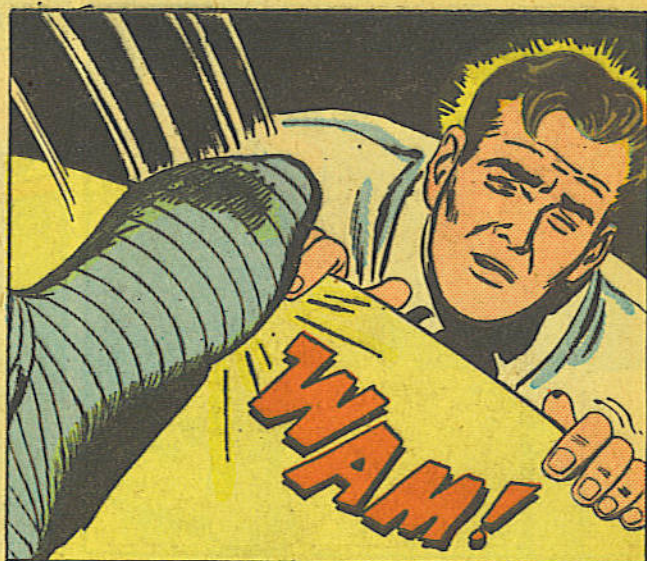
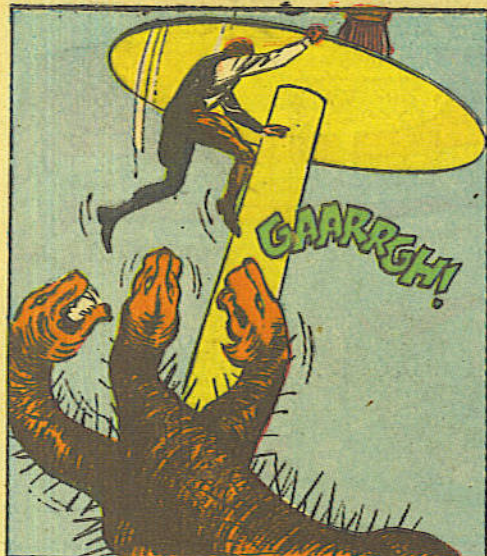
GIVE US BATTLE
TO WATCH!

THEN...AS THE SHOUTS FADE INTO A
SILENCE LIKE THE PRELUDE TO DEATH...



NEITHER OF US HAVE
WEAPONS...SO **THIS**
PART OF THE PROCEED-
INGS WON'T BE ANY-
THING WORSE THAN A
SLUGGING MATCH!





PANTING ...TOM THROWS EVERYTHING INTO A LAST-DITCH COUNTERATTACK!

SORRY, BUSTER... BUT IT'S GOT TO BE **ONE** OF US!

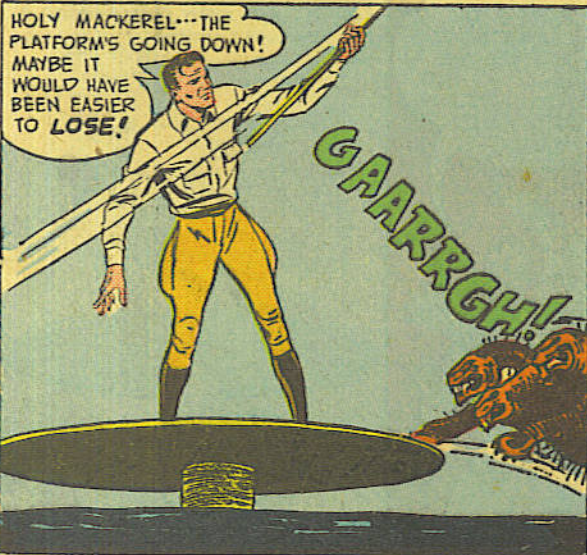


AS THE FEARFUL JAWS REND THEIR VICTIM...

AH, THAT WAS **COURAGE!** IT HAS EARNED HIM THE RIGHT TO WIN A **REAL VICTORY**... BY **BATTLING THE HYBRID ITSELF!**



HOLY MACKEREL...THE PLATFORM'S GOING DOWN! MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO **LOSE!**



YOU HEARTLESS WRETCH...HE CAN'T FIGHT OFF A THING LIKE **THAT** WITH JUST A **SPEAR!**

NOR WITH A **HUNDRED SPEARS!** NO ONE...NOT EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL GATURNIAN--HAS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO SO MUCH AS **PIERCE THE HYBRID'S SKIN!**





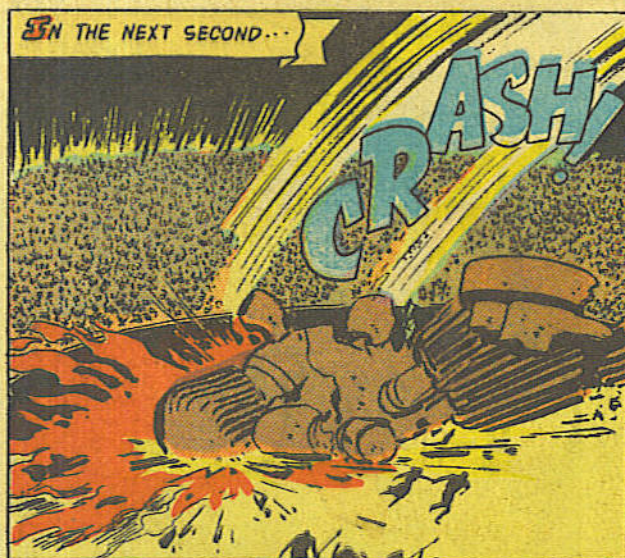


THE IDOL!
IT'S MOVING
... IT'S A SIGN
OF DISASTER!



GLYKOS ... YOU'RE
NOT KIDDING!

POW!



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

CRASH!



COME
WITH
US!
HURRY!

I'M NOT SURE IT'LL
BE SAFE TO TRUST
THEM, PEGGY...BUT
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE
A CHANCE!



MINUTES LATER...

HEAVENS, TOM...
THE CRONIAN
HAVE BUILT A
LAUNCHING
RAMP!

THAT'S WHAT THEY MUST HAVE
HAD IN MIND IN THE FIRST
PLACE! THEY BROUGHT US TO
GLYKOS AS A DESPERATE RE-
SORT...SO THAT THEY'D HAVE
TIME TO GET THE SPACESHIP
READY FOR FLIGHT! NOW THAT
THE RADIOACTIVE GASES HAVE
BEEN EXHAUSTED BY OUR
JOURNEY TO SATURN, I'M
GOING TO USE THAT TANK
FOR A REAL PAYLOAD
... HUNDREDS OF
AIRBORNE CRON-
IANS!



AS THE SPACESHIP STREAKS THROUGH
THE FLYING SAUCERS...

I'M SETTING A COURSE FOR
THE MOON, HONEY... BECAUSE
NOW I REALIZE WHY VOLKA
TRIED TO PREVENT US FROM
GETTING THERE! THE MOON
IS THE BASE OF OPERATIONS
GLYKOS MENTIONED... IT'S
THERE THAT THE ADVANCE
UNITS OF THE SATURNIAN
FLYING SAUCER FLEET ARE
PREPARING FOR AN
ATTACK ON THE
EARTH!

AFTER A ROARING FLIGHT FROM THE OUTERMOST COSMOS...



GOODNESS, TOM... I HOPE THOSE FIGURES AREN'T VOLKA AND HIS DOUBLES... **WAITING FOR US!**

I CAN'T QUITE MAKE THEM OUT... BUT THERE'S SOME KIND OF INDESCRIBABLE **FASCINATION** ABOUT THEM!

Then... WITH A STRANGE BEAUTY COMPELLING AS A MAGNET...



IT CAN'T BE MY IMAGINATION... THE CRONIAN'S FEEL IT, TOO! WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE BEWITCHING... OVERPOWERING... **I CAN'T RESIST!**

SUDDENLY...

I WAS WARNED BY A PLANETARY FLASH FROM SATURN THAT YOU HAD ESCAPED... BUT **THIS TIME IT'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF BATTLE!**

OHH!



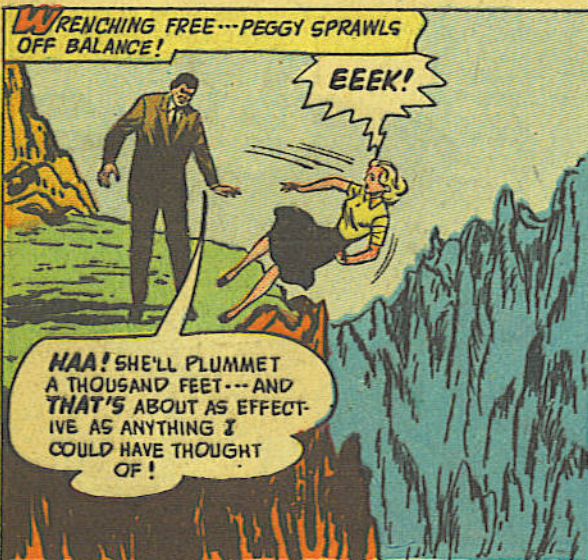
THIS IS THE LAST **YOU'LL** SEE OF TOM REDFIELD AND HIS CRONIAN FRIENDS! THE **SIRADS** WILL KEEP THEM ENTRANCED FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES... BECAUSE **NOTHING CAN BREAK THEIR SPELL EXCEPT BEAUTY GREATER THAN THEIR OWN!**

YOU CACKLING FIEND... LET ME GO!



WRENCHING FREE... PEGGY SPRAWLS OFF BALANCE!

EEK!



HAA! SHE'LL PLUMMET A THOUSAND FEET... AND THAT'S ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS ANYTHING I COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF!

BUT A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

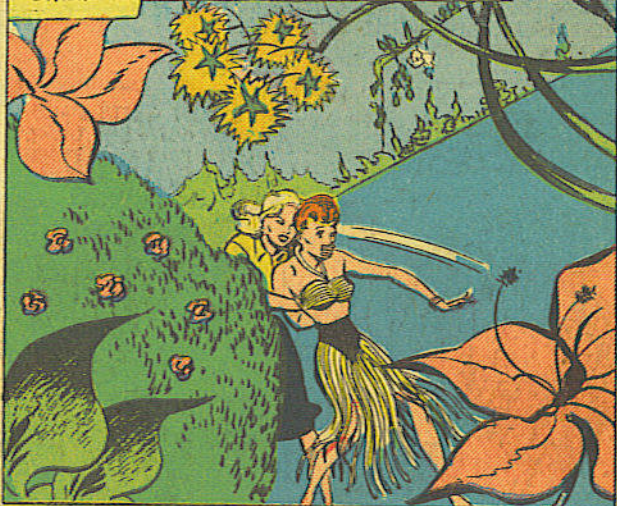
THANK GOODNESS VOLKA TURNED AWAY BEFORE I GRABBED THIS ROCK! I'LL WAIT A BIT... AND THEN START INCHING MY WAY TO THE TOP!



NOW...THERE MAY BE JUST ONE WAY TO BREAK THE SIRADS' SPELL...BUT MAYBE BOTH VOLKA AND TOM ARE DUE FOR A **SURPRISE!**

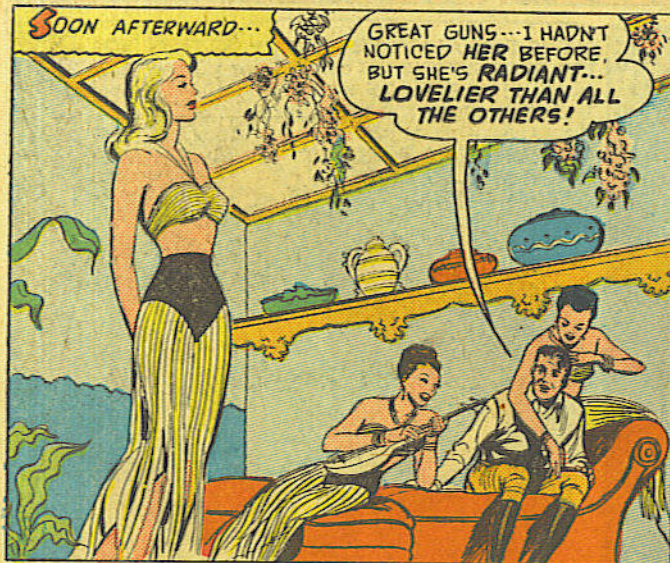


A MOMENT LATER...NEAR THE STRADS' HUSHED RETREAT...



SOON AFTERWARD...

GREAT GUNS...I HADN'T NOTICED HER BEFORE, BUT SHE'S **RADIANT... LOVELIER THAN ALL THE OTHERS!**



Then...IN A FLASH OF RECOGNITION...

PEGGY!

DARLING, I WAS AFRAID IT WOULDN'T WORK...BUT THE **SPELL'S BROKEN!**

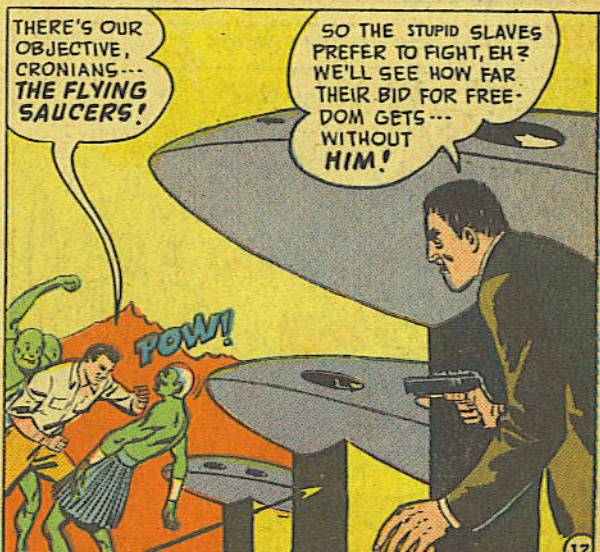


THIS PROVES SOMETHING I'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG, BABY...YOU'RE IN A CLASS BY YOURSELF! AS FOR VOLKA...HE AND HIS SATURNIAN ADVANCE GUARD ARE GOING TO LEARN THAT **VICTORY ISN'T THAT EASY!**



THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE, CRONIAN...**THE FLYING SAUCERS!**

SO THE STUPID SLAVES PREFER TO FIGHT, EH? WE'LL SEE HOW FAR THEIR BID FOR FREEDOM GETS...WITHOUT **HIM!**



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING UGLIER THAN THAT MASK, VOLKA... AND THAT'S THE HIDEOUS SATURNIAN PUSS YOU'VE HIDDEN UNDERNEATH!



WITH THE SATURNIAN ADVANCE UNIT OVERCOME...

IT'LL TAKE ME LESS THAN AN HOUR TO SHOW YOU HOW TO FLY THOSE THINGS! ARE YOU READY TO USE THEM... FOR THE PAY-OFF BATTLE?

YES! WE WANT OUR LIBERTY... AND WE WANT OUR PLANET!



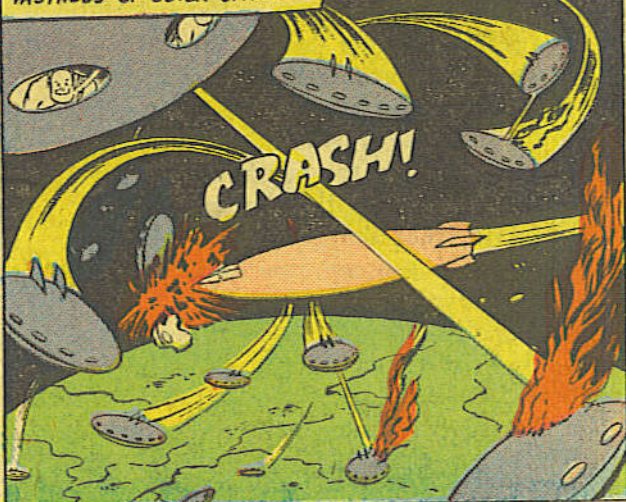
SOON AFTERWARD... WITH THE SPACESHIP LEADING THE WAY...

TOM... I'M WORRIED! THE SATURNIAN FLEET OUTNUMBERS US AT LEAST THREE TO ONE!

YEP! BUT THE RIGHT CAUSE HAS WON MANY A BATTLE ON EARTH... AND I'M PUTTING MY LAST CHIP ON THE CONVICTION THAT IT'LL WORK HERE!



IN AN ONSLAUGHT THAT BLAZES ACROSS THE ENTIRE VASTNESS OF OUTER SPACE...



AFTER A SMASHING VICTORY...

UNTOLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAS BEEN A LONG TIME TO WAIT FOR A MOMENT LIKE THIS! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING THAT WILL LAST EVEN LONGER... OUR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE EARTH!

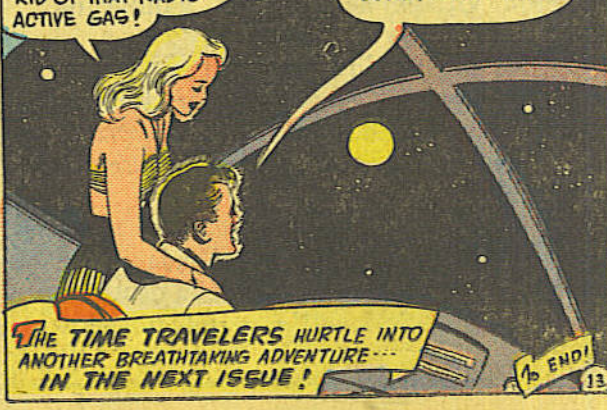
I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP! YOU CRONIAN ARE STARTING ANEW WITH THE GREATEST ASSET THE UNIVERSE HOLDS... FREEDOM!



AS THE SPACESHIP HEADS EARTHWARD...

TOM, I'LL BET NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE COURSE OF GETTING RID OF THAT RADIO-ACTIVE GAS!

NOPE... BUT I'M PRETTY SURE NO ONE'S GOING TO SPOT ANOTHER FLYING SAUCER FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



THE TIME TRAVELERS HURTLING INTO ANOTHER BREATHTAKING ADVENTURE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

15 END!

Piranhas **RIVER PERIL**

TODD ANDREWS peered through the dense Brazilian jungle, and knew that his long pursuit of Duvall had come to an end at last.

It had all started in the Kimberley diamond mines of South Africa, where Duvall had staged the most daring robbery of the century and made off with the fabulous Modjeska diamond, worth a cool million to any fence. Todd, special investigator for the Kimberley company, had been ordered to get Duvall... and the Modjeska diamond. But it hadn't been easy, trailing the cunning, elusive Duvall...who managed to stay at least one jump ahead of Todd on the weary, tortuous chase from Kimberley to Cape-town. Finally, at the South African port, Todd had learned that he was one day too late, that the gunman had booked passage on a tramp steamer headed for Natal, Brazil.

When all attempts to contact the steamer by radio had failed, Todd figured that Duvall had sabotaged the ship's radio receiver...and so the investigator had taken the next plane to Natal. But again his quarry slipped through his fingers, this time by diving overboard before the ship docked and escaping inland towards the dense jungles around the Piranhas river. Todd had kept hot on his trail, questioning the local natives at each village he came to, gaining on Duvall slowly but steadily.

And now...he'd found him!

Todd stepped out of the foliage, his gun aimed steadily at the burly figure bending over the campfire. "*Reach, Duvall!*"

The gunman stiffened, and then slowly straightened up, his hands above his head. Todd approached him cautiously, removed Duvall's pistol from his

holster and tossed it into the jungle. Then, with his free hand, Todd felt in the gunman's bulging pocket and drew out the Modjeska diamond, almost as big as his fist. But Duvall must have sensed that Todd was looking at the huge, scintillating jewel...because before the investigator could jerk his attention back to his prisoner, Duvall had whirled with lightning speed, knocking the gun out of his hand.

Instantly, Duvall dove for the gun... and Todd saw he couldn't beat him to the weapon. Instead, he turned and fled towards the jungle, reaching it just as Duvall's first shots zipped around him.

Todd knew there was only one chance of outwitting Duvall...and he crashed through the jungle underbrush towards the river. When he got there, he stooped swiftly to pick up a heavy, jagged stone, and let fly with it just as the pursuing Duvall burst from the jungle. The stone struck the gunman on the forehead, and he howled in rage as a trickle of blood ran down into his eyes. By the time he'd wiped his eyes clear, Todd was in the river, treading water and shouting tauntingly back at him: "You can't shoot now, Duvall...if you hit me, I drown...and the current will carry my body right down the river, along with the *jewel!* You'd *never* get it then!"

Uttering a string of curses, the gunman dove into the river after him...and moments later, the curses ended in a high-pitched scream of pain and terror. Todd swam to the opposite bank fast, knowing that it was too late to save Duvall from the deadly piranhas, Brazil's man-eating fishes which never attack a man unless he's bleeding.

TYPHOON TYLER

PUT YOUR FINGER ON ANY SPOT SOUTH OF SINGAPORE...AND THERE'S A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL EITHER MEET **TYPHOON TYLER**...OR MEN WHOSE STORIES ABOUT HIM ARE A LIVING LEGEND IN THE ISLANDS! SOME WILL TELL ABOUT HOW HE STOOD OFF ALL COMERS IN THE CORAL CAVES OF KANGAEAN...OTHERS WILL SPEAK OF HIS BAREHANDED BATTLE ON THE SANDS OF SALAJAR...WHEN SPEARS EDGED WITH SHARKS' TEETH BRISTLED AROUND HIM! JUNGLES AND BEACHES...AMBER-SKINNED GIRLS AND FEVERED FORTUNE-HUNTERS...THEY'VE ALL GOT MEMORIES OF **TYPHOON TYLER**!

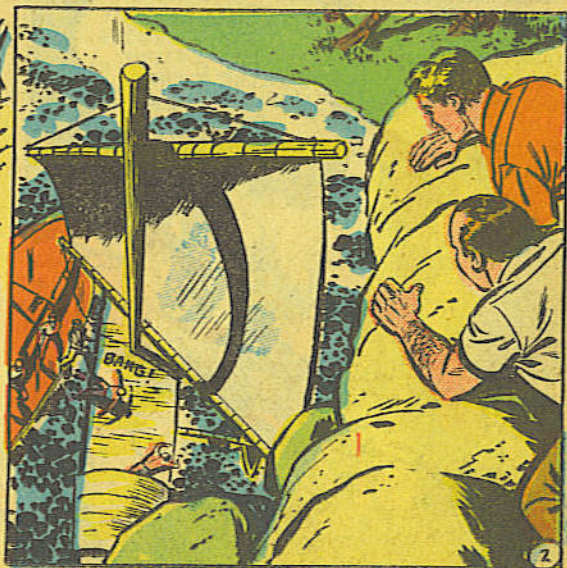
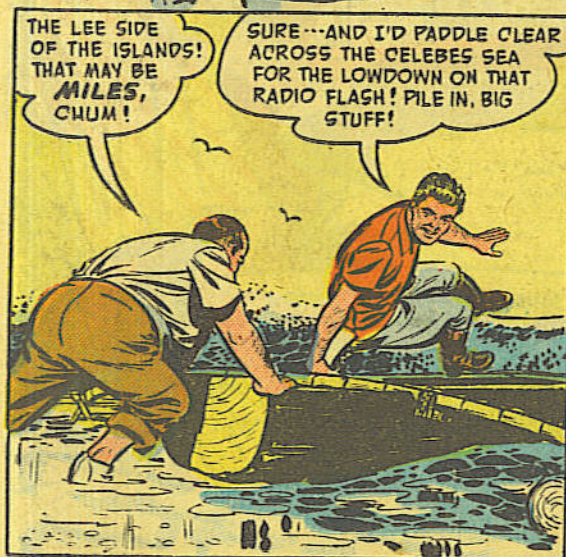
Ophele Whitney

BLAST ME, TYPHOON, IF I EVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HUNTING FOR ENTERTAINMENT ON A PLACE LIKE THIS!

PIPE DOWN! I CAN'T FIGURE WHETHER I'VE PICKED UP A RADIO THRILLER FROM MANILA...OR A REAL MESSAGE!

IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT **THE DRAGON'S GOLD** WHEN THOSE NATIVES REACH ZAMBOANGA! WE'RE WAITING FOR 'EM ON THE LEE OF THE KAWIO ISLANDS...AND WE'RE GOING TO BOARD!





IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS
SINCE THAT SPEAR AND
CUTLASS FIGHT ON THE
BEACH AT AMBOINA.
CHARLIE...BUT DO
YOU REMEMBER
HIM?

CAPTAIN
COBRA!



O.K....
LET'S
NAIL
'EM!

TYPHOON TYLER!
THOUSANDS OF ISLANDS,
CURSE HIM...AND HE
HAS TO BE HERE!



A SCRAP HE
WANTS, EH? HOLD
FAST, TYPHOON!



VEER OFF,
CHUMP...
I'M LOOKING
FOR COBRA!

YOU BLASTED
BEACHCOMBER
...THAT MEANS
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE!



IT'S A DEAL, RAT...
I'LL TAKE ALL
YOU'VE GOT!

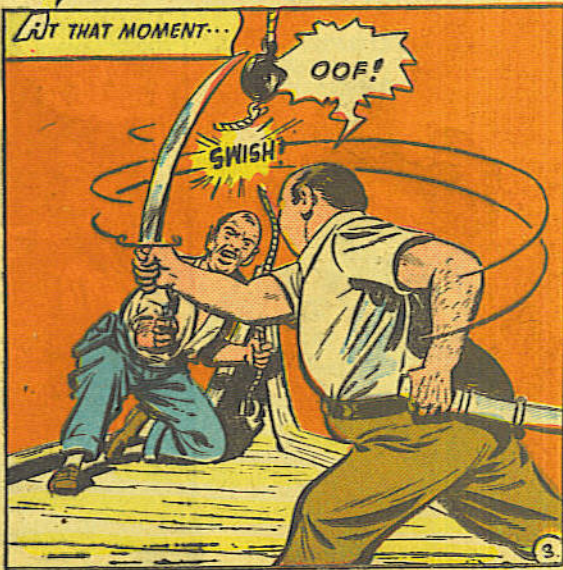
POW!



BUT THAT MOMENT...

OOF!

SWISH!



AS THE SLASHED ROPE HISSES UP...



IN THE SPACE OF SECONDS...



COBRA MEANS BUSINESS, CHARLIE! WHATEVER HE MEANT BY **THE DRAGON'S GOLD**... HE'S LEFT NONE OF THESE POOR DEVILS ALIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

I WISH THAT SEA SPAWN HAD BEEN MAN ENOUGH TO TRY KNIFING US NOW! I WAS ALL SET TO ROLL ON DECK WITH A THROAT IN EACH HAND!



WELL... GUESS I'D BETTER SPLICE A FEW ROPES SO WE CAN GET THE SAIL SET!



OOOPS!



ANY EXCUSE FOR RELAXING... HEY, SLEW-FOOT?



YEAH? THERE'S **SOMEONE BELOW YOU** BARNACLE... READY TO JUMP US!

OHH!

HUH?



WHO ARE **YOU**, SWEET-HEART? GOT ANY IDEA OF WHAT CAPTAIN COBRA WAS AFTER?

NO SAVVY... NO SAVVY! MEN COME WITH GUNS... TIMORA AFRAID... TIMORA HIDE!



NO USE, CHARLIE... HER PIDGIN ENGLISH IS ABOUT AS SCANTY AS HER OUTFIT! THERE'S JUST ONE THING WE CAN BE SURE OF... COBRA WOULDN'T HAVE WIPED OUT THE CREW UNLESS HE GOT THE DOPE HE WANTED ON THE **DRAGON'S GOLD!**

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING ELSE! SOME-ONE AT THE OTHER END OF COBRA'S RADIO CONTACT HAD THIS BOAT SPOTTED... AND WE'RE SURE TO RUN INTO **THEM** WHEN WE HEAD FOR MACASSAR!



WE'RE NOT TOUCHING MACASSAR! THIS MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN INDO-NESEAN WATERS... BUT **ZAM-BOANGA'S** THE PLACE THESE NATIVES WERE TRYING TO REACH... **AND THAT'S OUR COURSE!**

That night... WITH MOONLIGHT CUTTING A SILVERY TRACK ACROSS THE SEA...

TIMORA STAY WITH YOU! TIMORA PLENTY SCARED!

THAT'S TOUGH, BABY... BUT I DON'T THINK STAYING WITH ME WOULD HELP MUCH!



TWO DAYS LATER... ON THE WHARF AT ZAMBOANGA...

THIS MATTER OF THE **DRAGON'S GOLD** IS VERY BAFFLING, MR. TYLER... BUT YOU CAN COUNT ON THE FILIPINO SECRET SERVICE TO TAKE COMPLETE CHARGE!

GREAT! YOU CAN START BY TAKING CHARGE OF **HER!**



NO... NO! TIMORA GO WITH **YOU!**

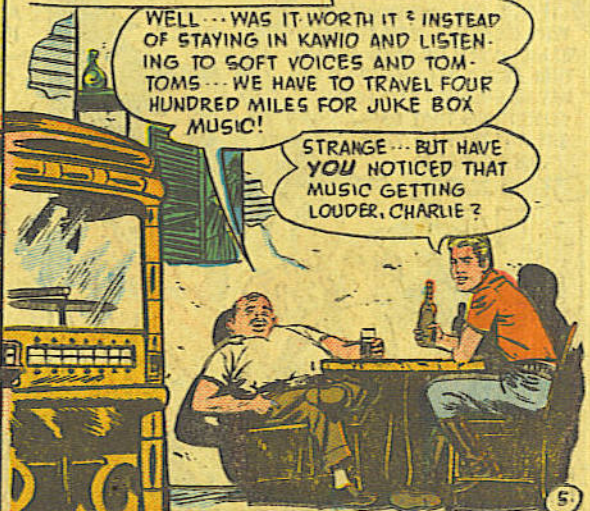
I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG WE'LL STICK AROUND, CAPTAIN... BUT WE'LL BE AT THE TIDEWATER BAR IF ANYTHING COMES UP!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL... WAS IT WORTH IT? INSTEAD OF STAYING IN KAWIO AND LISTENING TO SOFT VOICES AND TOM-TOMS... WE HAVE TO TRAVEL FOUR HUNDRED MILES FOR JUKE BOX MUSIC!

STRANGE... BUT HAVE **YOU** NOTICED THAT MUSIC GETTING LOUDER, CHARLIE?



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

HOLY COW
...HIT THE
DECK!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

SPLANG!

THAT'S FOR
RUINING A GOOD
BEER, BUD!

COBRA'S PALS SEEM THICK AS
BARNACLES! NOW I'M SURE HE'S
OUT FOR THE JACKPOT...WHEN
HE'S GOT ACCOMPLICES
HERE!

THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE
TO BE SURE ABOUT...HOW'D
THEY KNOW WE WERE HERE?

LET'S DROP IN ON
THE BOYS WHO GET
PAID FOR FINDING OUT
...THE SECRET
SERVICE!

MINUTES LATER...

YES, I CAN UNDERSTAND
WHY COBRA'S MEN TRIED
TO KILL YOU! HE WAS AFRAID
THAT AFTER TAKING OVER THE
NATIVE SHIP YOU HAD FOUND
SOMETHING THAT EXPLAINS
THE MYSTERY OF THE
DRAGON'S
GOLD!

YE GODS
...YOU DON'T
MEAN
HER!

NO...I MEAN THIS
GOLD INGOT MY
AGENTS DISCOVERED
HIDDEN IN THE HOLD!

IT'S STAMPED WITH A
CROWN...AND "1579"!
IF THAT'S A DATE...
WHAT'S IT MEAN?

IN 1579, SIR FRANCIS DRAKE CAPTURED A SPANISH TREASURE GALLEON ON ITS WAY FROM PERU TO MANILA! HE LATER EXPLORED THE SMALL ISLANDS IN THE MOLUCCA SEA, AND THERE HE MUST HAVE BURIED HIS BOOTY... BECAUSE THAT INGOT IS PART OF IT!



THE DRAGON'S GOLD? I DON'T GET IT!

VERY SIMPLE! THE CLOSEST THE SPANIARDS COULD GET TO DRAKE'S NAME WAS "EL DRACO"...THE DRAGON! EVIDENTLY THE NATIVES FOUND THIS INGOT NEAR DRAKE'S HIDING PLACE...AND WERE BRINGING IT TO ZAMBOANGA FOR SAFEKEEPING WHEN COBRA BOARDED THEIR VESSEL!



TIMORA... WHERE'D THAT BOAT SAIL FROM? WHAT FELLA ISLAND YOU BELONG TO?

NO SAVVY... NO SAVVY!

SHE'S NO HELP... BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO LEARN WHERE COBRA'S ROOTING FOR THAT GOLD!

WELL... THAT SETTLES IT! COBRA'S IN THE CHIPS... AND WE'RE IN ZAMBOANGA!

NOT ME, CHUM... I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'S TAKING ME TO MANILA!

MY FRIEND, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS IN THE MOLUCCAS... AND DRAKE STOPPED AT SCORES OF THEM! I CANNOT AUTHORIZE A SEARCH THAT MIGHT TAKE YEARS... OUTSIDE OUR OWN TERRITORY!



YOU SEE, CHARLIE... DRAKE'S BURIED TREASURE MAY HAVE BEEN A SECRET... BUT THE COURSE HE FOLLOWED ON HIS VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD SHOULD BE RIGHT THERE IN THE COLONIAL ARCHIVES! I'M GOING TO TRACE THAT VOYAGE FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND... BECAUSE THE ONE WHERE DRAKE STAYED LONGEST **COULD** BE THE ONE WHERE HE BURIED HIS TREASURE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

IT'S ALL SET, CHARLIE... THERE'LL BE A TWO-PLACE PLANE WAITING FOR US AT THE AIRFIELD IN A HALF-HOUR!

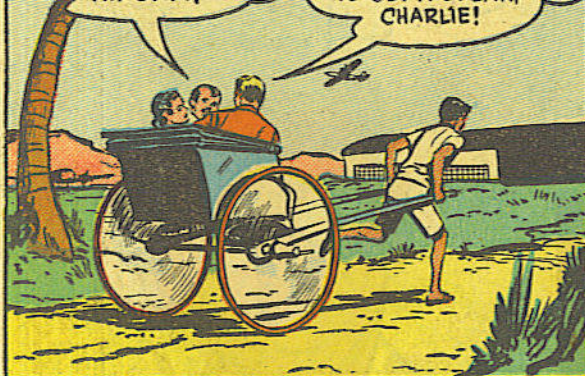
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... US? I KNOW YOU CAN HANDLE A PLANE, TYPHOON... BUT I'M NOT SURE I CAN CONVINCE MY STOMACH!



MINUTES LATER...

NO SIR, MATE... I'M WILLING TO LEAVE FLYING TO THE SEA GULLS! BUT WAIT A MINUTE... IF THAT PLANE'S JUST A TWO-SEATER, WHAT ABOUT TIMORA?

GOOD GOSH... I FORGOT ABOUT HER! IT'S A SURE BET SHE CAN'T BE LEFT IN ZAM-BOANGA WITH COBRA'S KILLERS... SO I GUESS YOUR STOMACH'S GOING TO GET A BREAK, CHARLIE!



NO... NO! TIMORA PLENTY SCARED!

COME ON, BABY... THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! DON'T YOU TRUST ME?



FOOL... LET GO! YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN THE MISTAKE YOU MADE IN TRUSTING ME!

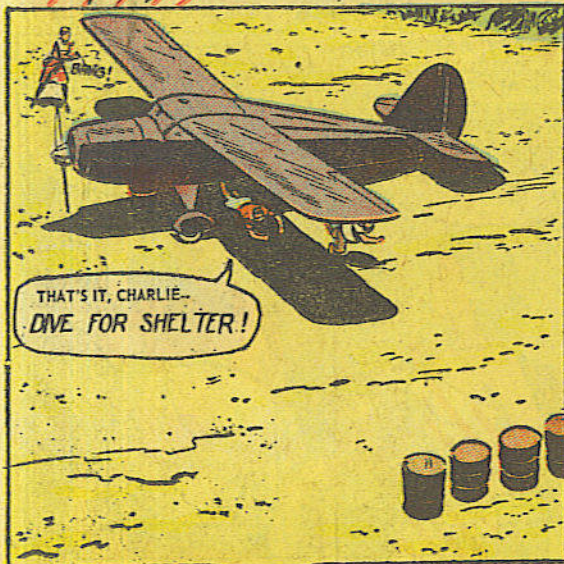


WELL, I'LL BE SCUPPERED... SHE SAVVIES!

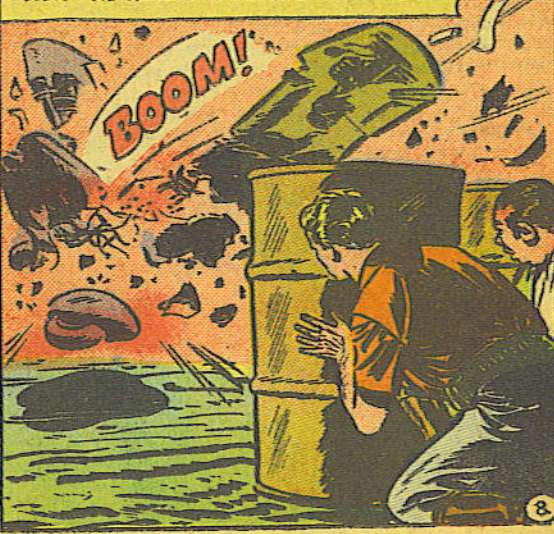
COBRA WARNED YOU, TYPHOON TYLER... AND YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED! GET INTO THE PLANE... BOTH OF YOU!



THAT'S IT, CHARLIE... DIVE FOR SHELTER!



Then... AS TIMORA FIRES A SECOND SHOT...



HOLY SMOKE... NO WONDER SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO ALONG! THEY BOOBY-TRAPPED THE PLANE!

YEP...AND IT WAS TIMORA'S TOUGH LUCK TO BE SUCH A BAD SHOT THAT SHE HIT THE BOMB!



BLOW ME DOWN... LOOK! SHE'S THE ONE WHO WAS AT THE RECEIVING END OF COBRA'S RADIO MESSAGE!

RIGHT...AND SHE DIDN'T DO A BAD JOB OF PUTTING THE FINGER ON US AT THE TIDE-WATER BAR, EITHER!



WHAT'S THE LOWDOWN, SWEETHEART? COBRA WOULDN'T HAVE SLIPPED YOU ABOARD THAT NATIVE BOAT UNLESS YOU SAVVIED THEIR LINGO...BECAUSE IT WAS YOUR JOB TO TRY TO OVER-HEAR WHERE THEY FOUND THE GOLD INGOT!

SAVE YOUR TIME, TYPHOON...I'M NOT TALKING!



O.K., HONEY...THERE'S NO USE MAKING YOUR LAST MOMENTS MISERABLE! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...ANY MESSAGE YOU'D LIKE ME TO TAKE TO YOUR FAMILY...

YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME...I WON'T LIVE? TYPHOON, DON'T LET THEM BURY ME SO FAR FROM HOME...PROMISE YOU'LL TAKE ME BACK!



IT'S MY LAST WISH, TYPHOON! YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AMONG THE ISLANDS...IT WON'T BE MUCH TROUBLE TO CARRY MY BODY TO TERNATE!

TERNATE?

THAT'S JUST THE TIP I NEEDED, TIMORA...AND ALL YOU NEED IS A WEEK'S REST IN THE HOSPITAL...BEFORE YOU'RE TRANSFERRED TO A JAIL!

YOU TWO-FACED RUFFIAN...YOU TRICKED ME!



MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL TAKE CHARGE OF HER...BUT I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT OUR ONLY OTHER SMALL PLANE WAS MYSTERIOUSLY STOLEN THIS MORNING!

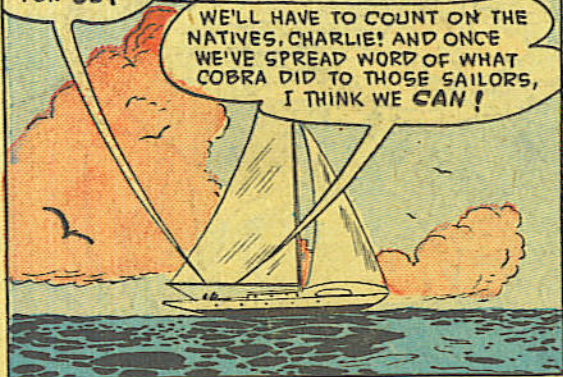
O.K....I'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET HOLD OF A FAST BOAT! LET'S GO, CHARLIE!



**14 HOURS LATER... BEARING SOUTHWARD
THROUGH THE CORAL-STUDDED SEAS...**

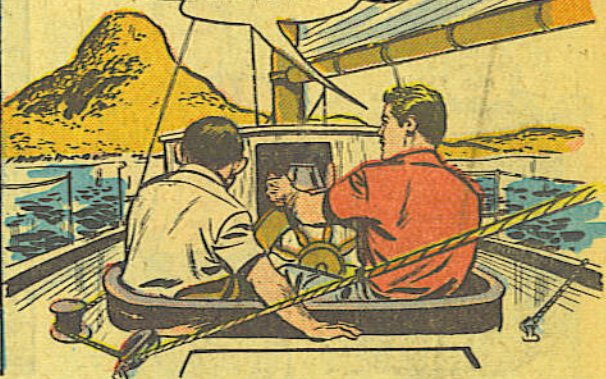
LOOK, MATE... I DON'T MIND SCRAPING BOTTOM ON THE SHORTEST COURSE TO TERNATE... BUT WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE GET THERE? SLAMMING AROUND A SMALL ARMY MIGHT BE A TOUGH DEAL... EVEN FOR US!

WE'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON THE NATIVES, CHARLIE! AND ONCE WE'VE SPREAD WORD OF WHAT COBRA DID TO THOSE SAILORS, I THINK WE CAN!



**THE SECOND NIGHT OUT... WITH THE JUNGLY
PEAK OF TERNATE LOOMING AHEAD...**

FROM HERE ON IT GETS RISKY, CHARLIE... BUT I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH CHANCE WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY COBRA'S LOOKOUTS!



AWOY, THERE! GET YOUR FRIENDS... AND TELL 'EM TYPHOON TYLER NEEDS HELP!



Then...

HOLY HANNAH!

YES, YOU DEFINITELY DO NEED HELP, TYPHOON... AFTER OUR MEN IN ZAM-BOANGA RAIDED SECREET SERVICE HEAD-QUARTERS... AND GOT ME AWAY IN THAT PLANE THEY STOLE!



O-K, COBRA... LET'S GET OFF TO A FRESH START!



**SUDDEN AS THE LEAP OF AN
AROUSSED TIGRESS...**

IF YOU WANT TO DIE HERE, BARREL-BELLY... MAKE A MOVE!



WE HAD TO DIG DEEP FOR THE DRAGON'S GOLD, TYPHOON! IT'LL MAKE AN IDEAL GRAVE... AFTER I'VE PUT A BULLET INTO YOUR HEAD!



FOR SEVERAL MILES... DEEP IN THE
TANGLED JUNGLE...

LET COBRA AND THE OTHERS
PULL AHEAD! THE GUARD'S
FIRST SHOT CAN'T DO MORE
THAN WING ME, TYPHOON...
AND HIM I CAN BASH DOWN
WITH ONE HAND!

TOO MUCH OF
A GAMBLE, CHARLIE!
WAIT... GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO CLEAR
MY HEAD!

SOON AFTERWARD...

THE GOLD'S READY TO LOAD,
COBRA... IF THAT BOAT'S GOT
ENOUGH POWER TO GET US
THROUGH THE SURF!

LEAVE THAT TO ME!
TIMORA, I'M AFRAID
TYPHOON AND HIS FAT
FRIEND WON'T BE
BURIED AFTER ALL!

O.K., RAT... I'VE SEEN THE GOLD!
ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT
OVER WITH... OR ARE WE
SUPPOSED TO SWEAT IT OUT?

MY FRIEND... YOU'RE
A MIND READER!
**GET DOWN TO
THE BEACH!**

A MOMENT LATER...

BOTH OF YOU...
START HEAVING! GET
US CLEAR OF THE BREAKERS
...AND I'LL DO YOU THE FAVOR
OF AIMING CAREFULLY WHEN
I FIRE!

REACHING OUT... TYPHOON SNATCHES UP A WAVE-
TOSSED CONCH SHELL!

**WE'RE CLEAR!
START THE
MOTOR!**

Then... AS FUMES SHOOT FROM THE EXHAUST...

CHARLIE...
GRAB
SAND!

BANG!

Wooooo-o-o!

COBRA... THAT BLAST FROM
THE CONCH SHELL HAS AROUSED
THE NATIVES! THE WAR
CANOES ARE PUTTING
OUT!

YOU'RE GETTING
AWAY ALIVE,
TYPHOON... BUT
I'M GETTING AWAY
WITH THE GOLD...
IF I HAVE TO RAM
EVERY CANOE IN
TERNATE!

BANG!



UNCANNY MYSTERIES

CASE of the HEADLESS COACHMAN

ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT... AND MOST HAUNTED... CASTLES IN ALL ENGLAND IS CAISTOR CASTLE IN NORFOLK! IF YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW BEFOREHAND WHEN YOUR DEATH IS APPROACHING, READER, JUST TAKE A ROOM IN THIS CASTLE...AND WAIT FOR THE VISIT OF THE **HEADLESS COACHMAN!**

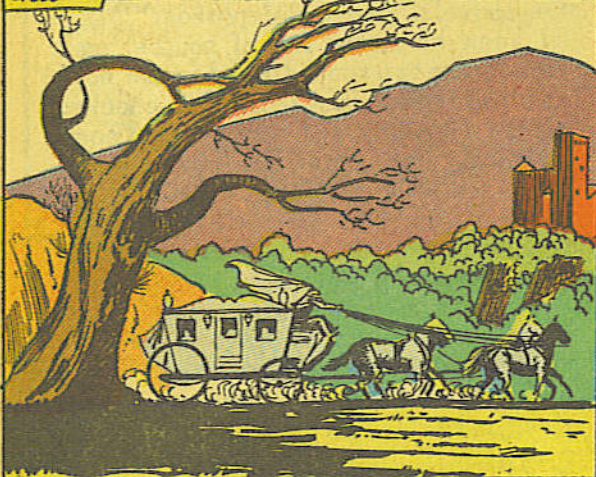


ALWAYS, BEFORE A DEATH AMONG THE TENANTS OF THE CASTLE, AN UNCANNY SIGHT IS SEEN!

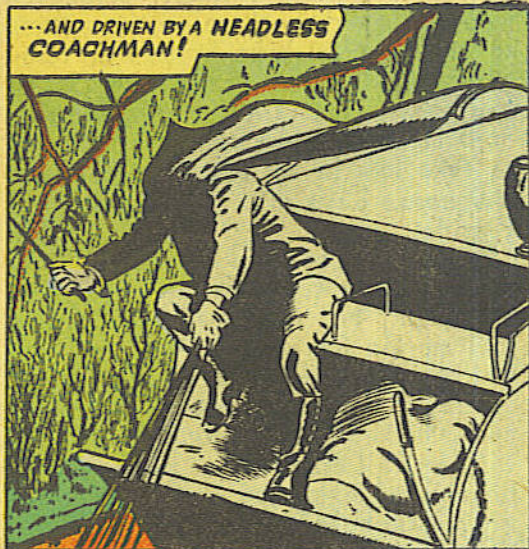
IT...IT'S COME AGAIN...
**THE PHANTOM COACH
AND THE HEADLESS
COACHMAN!**



YES, THE MAN DOOMED TO DIE ALWAYS SEES A GREAT, HEARSE-LIKE, PHANTOM COACH RACING TOWARD THE CASTLE AT BREAKNECK SPEED...

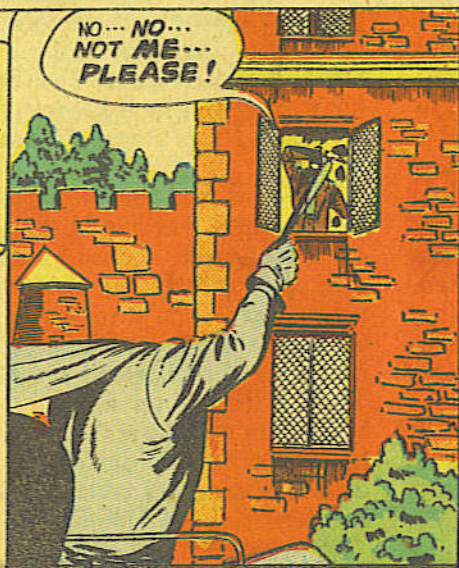


...AND DRIVEN BY A **HEADLESS COACHMAN!**



THE HORSES DASH THROUGH THE CLOSED GATES INTO THE COURTYARD...THE COACHMAN REINS THEM UP SHARPLY BEFORE THE WINDOW OF THE PERSON ABOUT TO DIE...AND POINTS UP AT HIS NEXT VICTIM!

NO... NO...
**NOT ME...
PLEASE!**



THE MYSTERIOUS COACH AND THE HEADLESS COACHMAN THEN GALLOP OFF...BUT BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE, THE PERSON POINTED AT IS... DEAD!



TREASURE TALE

FROM THE VERY first time I met the man who called himself Henry Morgan, from the moment I looked into his mad, burning eyes, I had a strange feeling that I shouldn't listen to his wild, impossible plan, that I shouldn't agree to join him in his fantastic quest. But there was something about Morgan's eyes and voice that told me he wouldn't stop at anything...not even murder...to get the use of my twenty-eight foot schooner. And so I finally persuaded myself that perhaps there *was* something to his story, perhaps he *was* the reincarnation of Henry Morgan, the famed buccaneer of the 17th Century...and perhaps he *would* make me rich if I agreed to take him in my boat to one of the Marquesas Keys off the southern tip of Florida.

Morgan had boarded my fishing boat at its dock in Key West one sultry summer night, and in a mad whisper had told me his fantastic tale. He said he had recently been in an automobile accident, that his skull had been fractured, and that the shock had ripped away the veils from all his previous incarnations. He now *knew* he had once been Henry Morgan, the buccaneer...and he *knew* the tiny coral isle in the Marquesas Keys where he had buried a fabulous fortune in jewels and doubloons in the year 1669! He insisted that he recognized me immediately, that I was the reincarnation of his first mate, Silas Gardner...and I confess his words startled me, for how had he found out that my name *was* Silas Gardner? At any rate, he told me in no uncertain terms that he and I...or rather, our previous incarnations...had buried our booty, and that he and I were the only ones to dig it up again. And who was I to argue with a swarthy-skinned, wild-eyed chap who waved a ten-inch dagger around in the air as he spoke?

So I welcomed Henry Morgan aboard my boat, called him Captain...and nosed out in the direction of the Marquesas Keys

All during the trip, he strutted up and down the deck behind me, ordering me to put more sail on, to haul up the skull and crossbones, to flog to the death any of the Lascar seamen who refused to obey orders...and I humored his mad ravings by relaying his orders to the non-existent second mate on the non-existent bridge. Finally, Morgan's eyes became brighter, wilder...and then he was pointing at one of the tiny Marquesas Keys excitedly and shouting, "*There... put in there!* The treasure is buried 18 paces from the eastern tip...break out the shovels, ye sons o' plunder!"

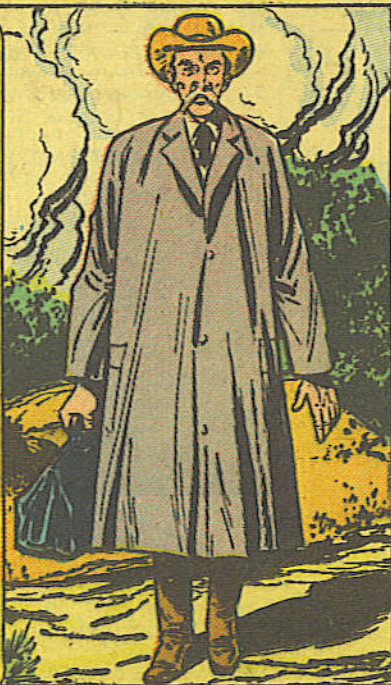
I knew he meant me, of course, so I took out the two spades I had in the hold and followed him ashore. He checked off the 18 paces and then pointed commandingly at me. "Dig, ye bloody swine...*dig!*"

Well, with that ten-inch pig-sticker waving at me, what could I do but dig? Finally, when I was about to drop from exhaustion, my spade struck metal...and I suddenly began to believe in reincarnation. In a feverish excitement, I uncovered the rest of the treasure chest, flung open the lid...and dug my hands ecstatically into the mass of golden doubloons and jewels. But a sudden roar of rage behind me told me that I'd done the wrong thing in the eyes of Captain Henry Morgan. The next thing I knew, that ten-inch blade had cut at my skull and I was staggering away towards the boat.

Morgan didn't follow me...he was too busy running *his* hands through the loot as I staggered aboard, started the engine up and nosed out to sea. I lost consciousness soon afterwards...and woke up in the sick bay of the Coast Guard cutter that had spotted my drifting boat. They stitched up my wound real nice, but I can't understand why they didn't believe my story and stuck me in this mental hospital. I tell you, doc, I *am* the reincarnation of Morgan's first mate!"

Famous WESTERN OUTLAWS "BLACK BART"

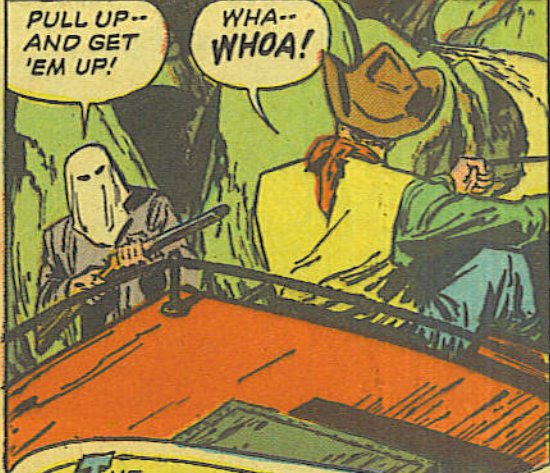
ONE DAY IN 1875, A MAN BY THE NAME OF CHARLES E. BOLES APPEARED IN CALAVERAS COUNTY--A MAN WHO LOOKED QUIET AND STUDIOUS ENOUGH TO BE GIVEN THE NICKNAME OF "THE SLEEPY SCHOOL-MASTER"--BUT A MAN WHOSE APPEARANCE WAS DECEIVING FOR HIS BLACK VALISE CARRIED A SAWED-OFF, DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN!



AND LATER THAT DAY, BILLY HODGES, THE STAGE DRIVER FOR THE WELLS FARGO EXPRESS FROM SONORA TO MILTON, SUDDENLY MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THAT SHOTGUN!

PULL UP--
AND GET
'EM UP!

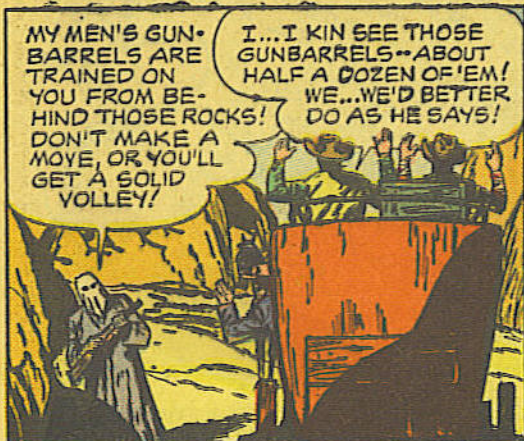
WHA--
WHOA!



THE MYSTERIOUS HIGHWAY-MAN ORDERED THE WOODEN WELLS FARGO TREASURE-BOX TO BE THROWN ON THE GROUND, PRODUCED A HATCHET FROM UNDER HIS LINEN DUSTER--AND A MOMENT LATER, THE MONEY WAS ALL HIS!

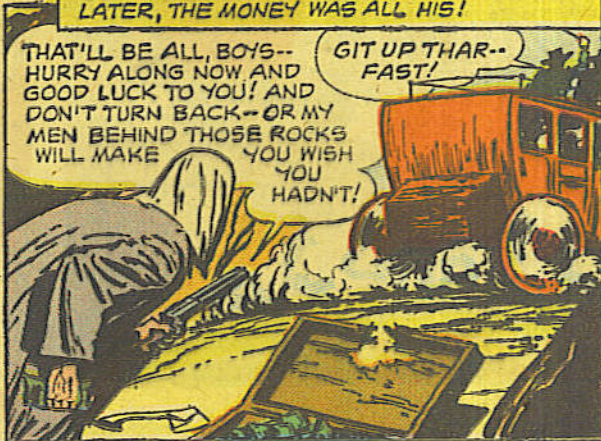
MY MEN'S GUN-BARRELS ARE TRAINED ON YOU FROM BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! DON'T MAKE A MOVE, OR YOU'LL GET A SOLID VOLLEY!

I...I KIN SEE THOSE GUNBARRELS--ABOUT HALF A DOZEN OF 'EM! WE...WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!



THAT'LL BE ALL, BOYS--HURRY ALONG NOW AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU! AND DON'T TURN BACK--OR MY MEN BEHIND THOSE ROCKS WILL MAKE YOU WISH YOU HADN'T!

GIT UP THAR--FAST!



THAT EVENING, WHEN THE STAGE ROLLED INTO MILTON...

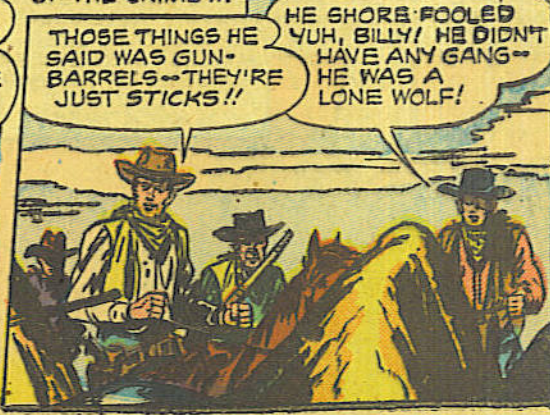
HURRY--GIT UP A POSSE! WE WAS HELD UP BACK ON THE TRAIL BY A WHOLE GANG--MEBBE WE KIN STILL GIT ON THEIR TRAIL!



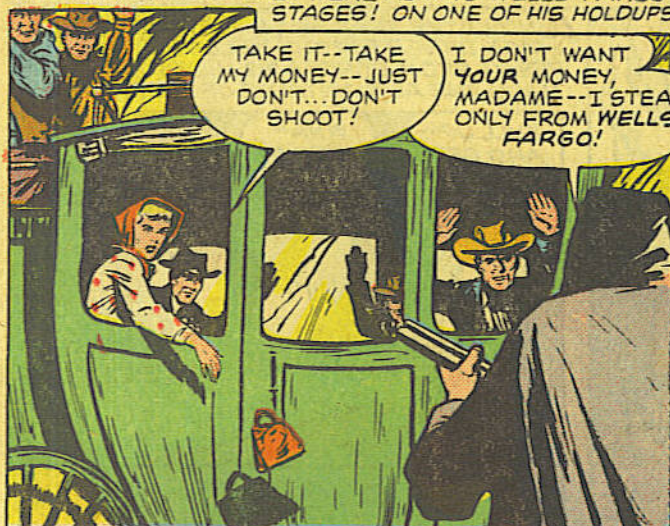
BUT WHEN THE POSSE GOT TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME ...

THOSE THINGS HE SAID WAS GUN-BARRELS--THEY'RE JUST STICKS!!

HE SHORE FOOLED YUH, BILLY! HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY GANG--HE WAS A LONE WOLF!



IN THE YEAR THAT FOLLOWED, THE MAN WITH THE LINEN DUSTER AND THE FLOUR SACK OVER HIS FACE HELD UP STAGE AFTER STAGE UP AND DOWN THE LENGTH OF CALIFORNIA--AND THEY WERE ALWAYS WELLS FARGO STAGES! ON ONE OF HIS HOLDUPS...



TAKE IT--TAKE MY MONEY--JUST DON'T... DON'T SHOOT!

I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY, MADAME--I STEAL ONLY FROM WELLS FARGO!

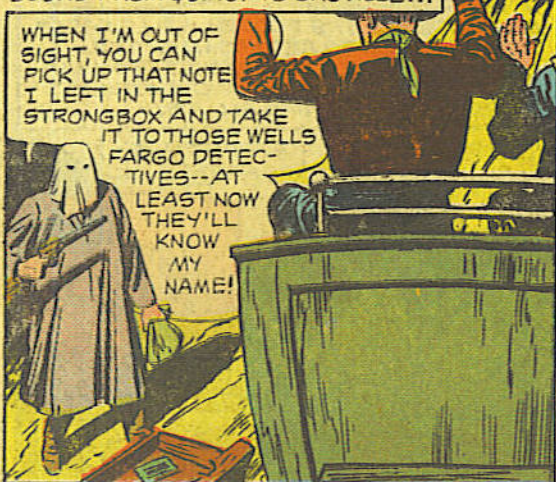
AFTER LOSING A FORTUNE IN GOLD AND GREENBACKS TO THE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDER, WELLS FARGO PRESIDENT LLOYD TEVIS DESPERATELY CALLED IN THE THREE MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVES OF THE DAY--JAMES HUME, HARRY MORSE AND JOHNNY THACKER!



THAT HIGHWAYMAN IS RUINING US! GET HIM AT ANY COST!

WELL, WE'LL TRY, EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM--NOT EVEN HIS NAME!

WHEN THE OUTLAW HEARD ABOUT THIS, HE INSTANTLY LAID PLANS TO ATTACK THE WELLS FARGO STAGE BOUND FROM QUINCY TO OROVILLE...



WHEN I'M OUT OF SIGHT, YOU CAN PICK UP THAT NOTE I LEFT IN THE STRONGBOX AND TAKE IT TO THOSE WELLS FARGO DETECTIVES--AT LEAST NOW THEY'LL KNOW MY NAME!

I'VE LABORED LONG AND HARD FOR RICHES, BUT ON MY CORNS TOO LONG YOU'VE TREAD, YOU'LL END UP DIGGING DITCHES! LET COME WHAT WILL, I'LL TRY IT ON, MY CONDITION CAN'T BE WORSE, AND IF THERE'S MONEY IN THAT BOX, 'TIS MONEY IN MY PURSE!
Black Bart

AT LAST THE MAN IN THE LINEN DUSTER HAD A NAME--BUT IT DID THE DETECTIVES NO GOOD TO KNOW IT! NEVER IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER HAD THERE BEEN SO ELUSIVE AND MYSTERIOUS A HIGHWAYMAN--NEVER HAD THERE BEEN A MAN WHO COULD SO LOSE



HIMSELF IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF THE HIGH SIERRAS WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE!

BUT OCCASIONALLY, BLACK BART EMERGED FROM THE WILDERNESS AND APPEARED IN SAN FRANCISCO TO SPEND HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAINS--AND TO TAUNT THE LOCAL POLICE!



TOO BAD THEY CAN'T SEND YOU BOYS UP IN TO THE HILLS TO GET THAT BLACK BART--I BET ANY OF YOU COULD SHOW THOSE UP-COUNTRY SHERIFFS HOW TO CATCH HIM!

AYE-- IF HE EVER CAME WITHIN TH' REACH O' ME TWO HANDS, HE'D BE A DEAD BLACK BART!

THEN CAME THE DAY! ON NOVEMBER 3RD, 1883, BLACK BART RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF HIS FIRST CRIME--AND ALTHOUGH HIS TECHNIQUE HADN'T CHANGED MUCH, WELLS FARGO HAD A FEW SURPRISES IN STORE FOR HIM!

BLACK BART THOUGHT FAST--AND ORDERED THE DRIVER TO UNHITCH THE TEAM AND WALK THE HORSES OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL, WHILE HE WENT TO WORK ON THE STRONG-BOX WITH A HATCHET!

UNKNOWN TO BART, THE DRIVER HAD CIRCLED AROUND...

THAT'S IT--GET 'EM UP AND THROW DOWN THAT EXPRESS BOX!

I CAN'T DO BOTH--THE EXPRESS BOX IS NAILED TIGHT TO THE FLOOR OF THE STAGE!

WHEW! THAT'S SURE HARD WORK! THEY MUST BE MAKING THEIR EXPRESS BOXES STRONGER THESE DAYS!

BLAST IT--I ONLY WINGED 'IM! BUT I MADE 'IM DROP SOMETHING--LOOKS LIKE HIS HANDKERCHIEF!

BANG!

THE DRIVER BROUGHT THE HANDKERCHIEF TO JOHNNY THACKER, THE WELLS FARGO DETECTIVE--WHO FINALLY HAD HIS FIRST LEAD IN THE CASE!

A LAUNDRY MARK! MAYBE THIS WILL LEAD US TO THE REAL BLACK BART!

AFTER A LONG, WEARY SEARCH IN A DOZEN TOWNS, A SMALL LAUNDRY ON BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, IDENTIFIED THE MARK!

WHY, YES--ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, THAT HANDKERCHIEF BELONGS TO CHARLES E. BOLES, OF 37 SECOND STREET!

THACKER WAITED PATIENTLY IN TOWN--AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HIS MAN SHOWED UP!

THAT'S HIM--THAT'S MR. BOLES!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST--BLACK BART!!

BLACK BART SERVED HIS TERM OUT IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON, AND WHEN HE WAS FINALLY RELEASED, AN OLD MAN OF PAST 60, HIS NAME STILL STRUCK SUCH TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF THE WELLS FARGO OFFICIALS THAT THEY RESORTED TO THE STRANGEST DEAL IN HISTORY TO MAKE SURE THEIR STAGES WOULD BE SAFE!

BLACK BART, WELLS FARGO WILL PAY YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE--PROVIDED YOU LEAVE OUR STAGE COACHES ALONE IN THE FUTURE!

IT'S A DEAL! BLACK BART HAS NOW RETIRED--FOR GOOD!

The CUNNING CARPENTER

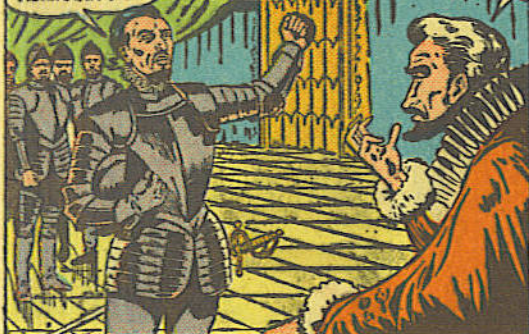
BUT THE HEROIC DUTCH OF ALKMAAR BITTERLY DEFENDED THEIR WALLED CITY!

1573... THE COURT OF KING PHILIP II OF SPAIN...

HAVE NO FEAR, SIRE... OUR WAR AGAINST HOLLAND WILL BE OVER AS SOON AS I CAPTURE THE DUTCH TOWN OF ALKMAAR!

EXCELLENT! AND WHEN YOU DO, GENERAL ALVA... PUT EVERY SOUL TO THE SWORD!

THE TOWN IS SURROUNDED... ALL WE NEED DO IS KEEP UP OUR SIEGE UNTIL THEY SURRENDER!



AS THE WEEKS WORE ON AND STARVATION THREATENED, THE EM-BATTLED DEFENDERS WERE FORCED TO A DESPERATE DECISION...

WE MUST SEND A MESSENGER TO WILLIAM THE SILENT ON THE COAST AND ASK HIM TO PIERCE THE DIKES UNDER HIS CONTROL... SO THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE WILL BE FLOODED AND THE SPANISH ARMY WILL BE DROWNED!

NO... IF WE DO THAT, WE'LL BE DESTROYED TOO... ALONG WITH OUR CROPS AND CATTLE!



THEN WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, PETER VAN DER MEY?

I AM A POOR CARPENTER, BUT THERE IS CUNNING IN MY MIND! I WILL STEAL OUT INTO THE SPANISH CAMP AT NIGHT AND LET MYSELF BE DISCOVERED! THEN, IN MY PANICKY FLIGHT BACK TO ALKMAAR, I WILL PURPOSELY DROP A DISPATCH THAT WILL SEND THE SPANISH FLEEING FROM THE COUNTRY!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE SPANISH CAMP...

HE ESCAPES... BUT HE DROPPED A PAPER!

A DUTCH SPY... SEIZE HIM!

WHEN GENERAL ALVA ORDERED THAT THE FALLEN DISPATCH BE READ TO HIM...

IT IS FROM WILLIAM THE SILENT, COMMANDER OF THE DUTCH DIKES... AND IT SAYS, "TO THE DEFENDERS OF ALKMAAR... KNOW YE THAT ON THE MORROW I SHALL OPEN THE VAST SLUICE GATES AND PIERCE THE DIKES... SO THAT THE OCEAN WILL POUR IN UPON THE SPANISH HORDES AND DROWN THEM ALL!"

QUICKLY... WE MUST FLEE... BEFORE WE DROWN LIKE RATS!



THE TERRIFIED SPANIARDS FLED... ALKMAAR AND HOLLAND WERE SAVED... AND THE CUNNING CARPENTER-SPY WAS A HERO!



THE END!

Cunning IN KOREA

CAPTAIN PHIL MARCY looked up into the bleak, snow-filled Korean skies and grimly thought, "Another day when our planes can't come out to give us air support or drop us food! We used up the last of our rations twelve hours ago...in another thirty-six hours, the men will be too weak to hold up their heads, much less their rifles! But the Chinese Reds have us completely surrounded with three times our number of men...if I give the order for an attempted breakthrough, we'd be massacred to a man!"

Looking out over the ramparts of the walled North Korean city his men had captured and were now trying to defend against a powerful enemy counter-attack, the Captain thought ruefully of how suddenly the tide of war had changed. His company had swept up almost to the banks of the Yalu River in North Korea, only to be isolated in this small walled town when the massive enemy reserves had routed the thin line of U.N. forces. It promised to be a long winter campaign, but he doubted whether he or his men would be around to see the final victory...because the way things looked now, they'd all be dead before nightfall tomorrow!

His company hadn't suffered many casualties, despite the murderous fire the Chinese had been raining down on the little walled city from the surrounding hills. They had plenty of ammunition, but no food...and the nearest U.N. reserve forces were too far away to reach the town in time to save them. There was only one chance, Captain Marcy knew...if he could only lure the enemy into attacking the virtually impregnable walled city in a frontal assault, they might suffer enough casualties to equalize the odds and allow his men to break through the enemy lines to safety. But *how* could he lure them into an attack when the wily Reds knew they only had to wait another day or two

to starve the Americans into surrender...?

"Captain Marcy!" a voice shouted, interrupting his reverie. "There's a Red officer outside the city carrying a flag of truce...he says he wants to enter and ask us to surrender!"

Instantly, the Captain saw his chance. "Have the sentries hold him outside for fifteen minutes on any pretext," he ordered. "Tell them to take their time in examining his credentials until I give the word to let him enter!"

Twenty minutes later, the Communist envoy entered the walled city and looked cunningly around while he gave Captain Marcy his demands for the U.N. surrender. The Captain listened, stony-faced, as he saw the man's eyes travel over the many mounds of crudely-dug graves in the town square and take in the sight of the many wounded G.I.'s, wearing bloody bandages, lying on stretchers under the shelter of the walls.

Then, when Captain Marcy said "Nuts!" to the surrender demands, the Chinese officer took a last grinning look at the bare handful of Americans manning the walls, and stalked back to his lines. As soon as he'd left, the Captain ordered his men to throw off their phony bandages and hop over the fake graves to take their defensive positions in preparation for the frontal attack he knew would soon be coming.

When it did come, wave after wave of enemy troops perished under the withering machine-gun and rifle fire of the G.I.'s...and by the time the Red officers realized their envoy had been duped into bringing back a false report of American strength, it was too late. For the odds had been equalized, and the triumphant soldiers under Captain Marcy's direction were slashing out of the trap to the safety of their own rear lines.

The GHOSTLY CAVALRY

NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA, READER, TAKE THE TRUNK LINE HIGHWAY U.S. 74 LEADING TO CHARLOTTE... AND YOU'LL COME TO A GAP IN THE MOUNTAINS KNOWN AS CHIMNEY ROCK PASS... THE SCENE OF A GHOSTLY CAVALRY BATTLE!



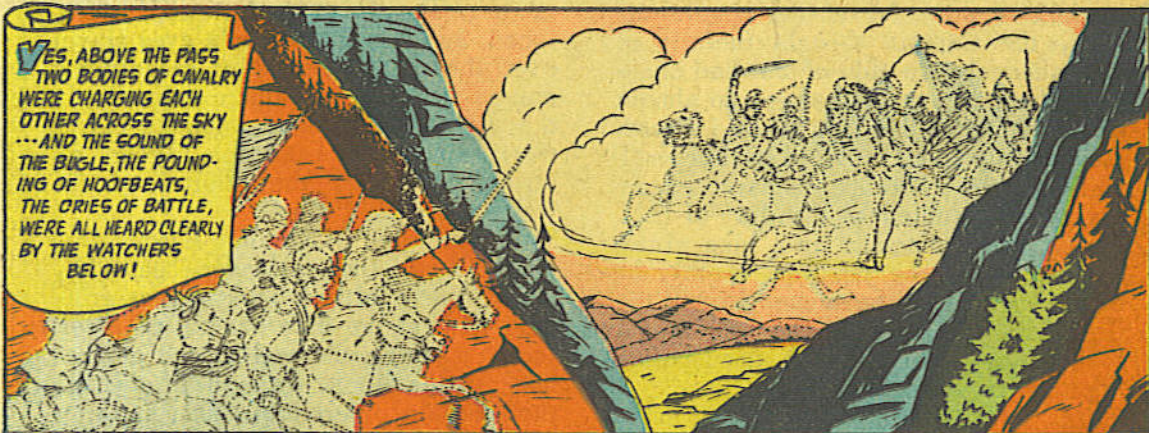
THE WEIRD BATTLE WAS SEEN IN 1811, BY NEARBY SETTLERS...

LOOK! LOOK THAR ON TOP O' CHIMNEY ROCK PASS!

IT... IT'S A GHOST ARMY... RIDERS IN THE SKY!



YES, ABOVE THE PASS TWO BODIES OF CAVALRY WERE CHARGING EACH OTHER ACROSS THE SKY... AND THE SOUND OF THE BUGLE, THE POUNDING OF HOOFEATS, THE ORIES OF BATTLE, WERE ALL HEARD CLEARLY BY THE WATCHERS BELOW!



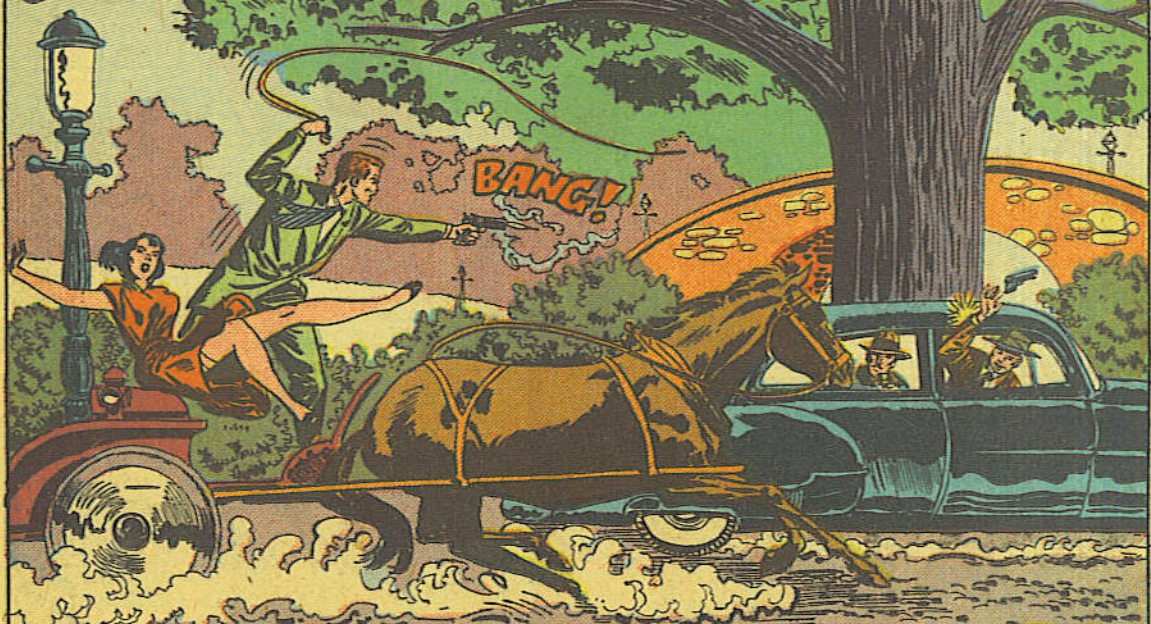
AND THEN CAME THE CLASH OF THE GHOSTLY ARMIES... WITH SABERS CLANGING, MUSKET SHOTS RESOUNDING, AND THE GROANS OF THE WOUNDED, AND THE TRIUMPHANT SHOUTS OF THE VICTORIOUS FILLING THE AIR ABOVE THE PASS!



AND MOST AMAZING OF ALL, THE SCENE WAS AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE BATTLE WHICH OLD SETTLERS REMEMBERED HAD BEEN WAGED SOME FIFTY YEARS BEFORE... BETWEEN THE TROOPERS OF BRIGADE-MAJOR TARLETON OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE CAVALRYMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARIES! WHO KNOWS WHAT STRANGE FORCES OF THE LINKNOON HAD AROUSED THESE GHOSTLY ARMIES TO REFIGIT THEIR BATTLE NEAR CHIMNEY ROCK PASS?



DANNY DANGER



TAKE A NOBODY WHO WINS \$25,000 AT A QUIZ SHOW AND THEN DISAPPEARS--AN EX-CON WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS EXCEPT HOW TO STOP A VOLLEY OF HOT SLUGS--AND A PRETTY GIRL ENGAGED IN A PANTING RACE WITH DEATH! THERE'S THE KIND OF SETUP A PRIVATE EYE WOULDN'T TOUCH WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE--UNLESS HIS NAME HAPPENS TO BE **DANNY DANGER!**

"THEY TELL ME THAT SOONER OR LATER YOU'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO EVERYBODY IN TIMES SQUARE--BUT WITH ME, IT'S ALWAYS INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD!"

HIYA, DANGER! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOUR BEIN' CHUMMY WITH **BERNIE THE BRAIN?**

BERNIE THE BRAIN? I SEEM TO REMEMBER **HIM** AS THE CON WHO SPENT TWELVE YEARS IN STIR MEMORIZING PRACTICALLY EVERY WORD IN A FULL SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS! BUT MORE THAN THAT I WOULDN'T KNOW!

DANGER, MY MEN HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO KEEP TABS ON **BERNIE** SINCE HE WAS PAROLED SIX MONTHS AGO! NOT UNTIL THIS MORNING, WHEN THEY TRAILED HIM TO A PHONE BOOTH! YOU GOTTA EXCUSE MY HEALTHY CURIOSITY, CHUM--BUT THE NUMBER HE DIALED WAS **LONGVIEW 8-3550!**

MY OFFICE! HONEST, GRAVEL--THAT'S NEWS TO ME!

JUST MAKE SURE IT ISN'T **BAD** NEWS, SEE? THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** KIND OF IDEAS I'D GET IF I WAS TO FIND A CERTAIN PRIVATE EYE MIXED UP WITH AN EX-CON!

YEAH? FLATFOOT, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PROVE THAT **BERNIE'S** BEEN HOOKED UP WITH THE **SPOTTY LEWIS MOB** SINCE HE GOT OUT OF HIS STRIPED SUIT! BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO BE HEP ON THE POINT MIGHTY SOON!



A NO-GOOD LIKE **BERNIE THE BRAIN** I'VE GOT TO GET MIXED UP WITH! IT WOULDN'T BE A CASE INVOLVING A DOLL I CAN REST MY EYES ON -- WHILE I KEEP MY FISTS BUSY!

"MAYBE MY FAIRY GODMOTHER HEARD ME --- BECAUSE NEXT MOMENT -- "

MR. DANGER, I'M **JEAN BARRY**! I'VE WAITED A WEEK TO SEE YOU -- AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

YOU WAITED A WEEK--SEVEN WHOLE DAYS OUT OF MY LIFE? GIVE ME JUST A **SECOND**, BEAUTIFUL--AND WE'LL START MAKING UP FOR THE DELAY!

EMMY, I CAN TELL FROM YOUR FLARING NOSTRILS THAT A MAN PHONED! WOULD IT BE **BERNIE THE BRAIN**?

CHECK! HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR AN HOUR AT THE PARKSIDE CAFE--AND ACCORDING TO HIM, IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!



"HAVING HEARD THE SAME LANGUAGE DOZENS OF TIMES FROM CHARACTERS WITH NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT IN MIND THAN A TEN DOLLAR LOAN-- I DECIDED TO TAKE MY TIME!"

O.K., HONEY! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A TURN AROUND THE PARK WHILE YOU GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN?

I HATE TO HOLD UP YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH **BERNIE THE BRAIN**-- BUT MAYBE YOU CAN LISTEN WHILE WE'RE DRIVING TO THE PARKSIDE CAFE!



DANNY, MY FATHER'S BEEN **KIDNAPED**! YOU MAY HAVE SEEN HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS RECENTLY-- **HORATIO BARRY**!

SURE! HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS NOBODY WHO WON \$25,000 LAST WEEK IN THE QUIZ SHOW, "**SHOOT THE WORKS**-- BY YELLING THE RIGHT ANSWER TO THE JACKPOT QUESTION FROM THE AUDIENCE!



FATHER'S SUPPOSED TO BE ON VACATION, TO AVOID BEING PESTERED BY REPORTERS -- BUT ACTUALLY, HE WAS GRABBED BY THREE THUGS WHEN WE GOT HOME FROM THE STUDIO THAT NIGHT! I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO TELL THE POLICE, THINKING THE GANG WANTS TO COLLECT THE \$25,000 AS RANSOM! BUT SO FAR, I HAVEN'T HAD A WORD FROM THEM -- AND I'M WORRIED!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY! -- I'LL START WORKING ON IT AS SOON AS I'VE CHECKED OFF WHATEVER TRIVIAL BUSINESS **BERNIE THE BRAIN** HAS IN MIND!



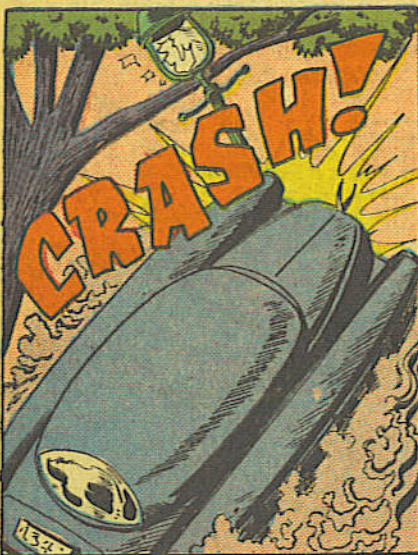
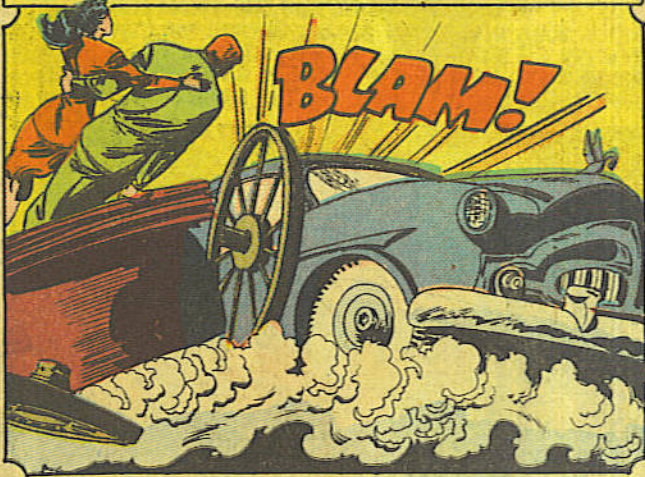
"THERE WAS BERNIE, SEATED AT A TABLE -- BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT -- "

**BANG!
BANG!**



"OUR CARRIAGE LURCHED AROUND AS THE FRIGHTENED HORSE SWERVED AWAY FROM THE MURDER CAR -- AND AS I GRABBED JEAN -- "

BLAM!



FINE BUSINESS -- RUNNING INTO DANNY DANGER NOW!

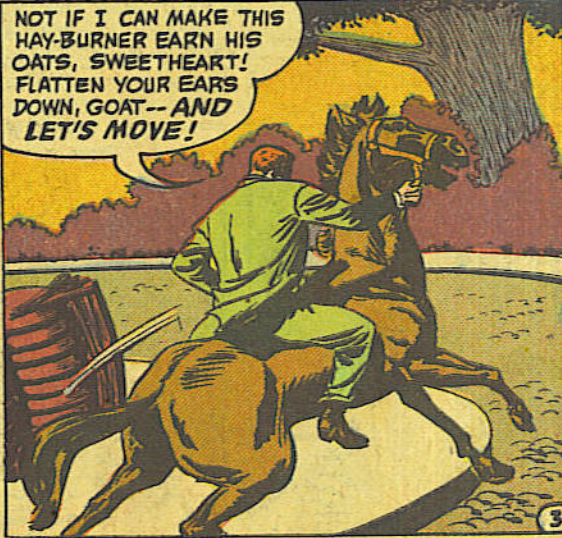
YEAH--AND IT'S GONNA BE FINE BUSINESS FOR THAT JERK'S FAVORITE UNDERTAKER!

NO TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS, BABY -- BUT THEY'RE MEMBERS OF THE SPOTTY LEWIS MOB!



I DON'T NEED AN INTRODUCTION! THEY'RE THE MEN WHO KIDNAPED FATHER--AND THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

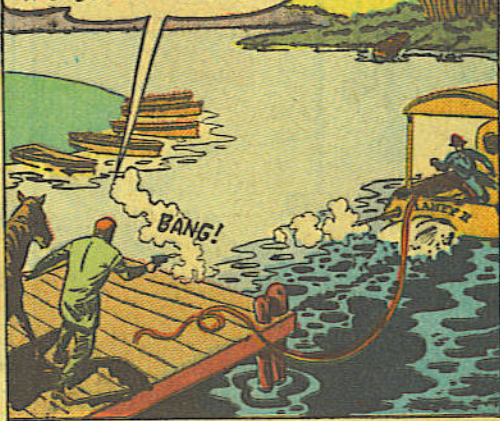
NOT IF I CAN MAKE THIS HAY-BURNER EARN HIS OATS, SWEETHEART! FLATTEN YOUR EARS DOWN, GOAT--AND LET'S MOVE!



"FOR SOMEONE WHO NEVER GOT CLOSER TO A HORSE THAN A RACETRACK -- I REALLY MADE TIME!"



THOSE MUGGS ARE IN TOO MUCH OF A RUSH TO NOTICE THAT THE LAUNCH IS STILL TIED UP TO THE LANDING -- AND A MOTOR LIKE THAT I SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE OUTPULLING!



"I HEARD THE MOTOR ROAR AS THE LAUNCH BUCKED FORWARD -- AND UNEXPECTEDLY--"



FROM HERE ON -- THIS BOAT RIDE'S GOING TO BE FUN, RATS!



"BUT THEN THE LAUNCH SWERVED SHARPLY--AND--"

TOO BAD YOU FORGOT YOUR ROPE-SOLED YACHTING SHOES, DANGER! NAIL HIM, ANDY!





"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE WERE UNDERWATER-- BUT BY THE TIME WE POPPED TO THE SURFACE, THE LAUNCH WAS OUT OF SIGHT!"

LET'S GET OUT OF THE DRINK, BUD-- BEFORE IT RUINS THE CURL IN YOUR HAIR!



INSPECTOR GRAVEL!
HOW IN BLAZES DID YOU GET HERE?

I PUT A TAP ON YOUR PHONE, DANGER-- AND LEARNED THAT BERNIE THE BRAIN WANTED TO MEET YOU AT THE PARKSIDE CAFE! I MIGHT BE THINKING OF ACCUSING YOU OF HIS MURDER!



NOT WHILE I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL ALIBI, FLATFOOT! BABY-- TELL THIS CREEP WITH THE BUILT-IN BLACKJACK WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN BERNIE THE BRAIN GOT JOBBED!

YOU WERE WITH ME-- RIDING IN A CARRIAGE!



DON'T HAND ME ANY OF THAT INNOCENT BYSTANDER STUFF, DANGER! IF I DON'T RUN YOU IN, IT'S BECAUSE GRILLING THIS APE WILL GIVE ME ENOUGH TO HANDLE! BUT DON'T COUNT ON MY BEING BUSY NEXT TIME!

GO SOAK YOUR FALLEN ARCHES, INSPECTOR-- IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU'D NEVER LEAVE HEADQUARTERS!



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DANNY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL INSPECTOR GRAVEL THAT CHARACTER IS MIXED UP WITH MY FATHER'S KIDNAPING?

WHY? BECAUSE GRAVEL'S BEEN TRYING TO FIND SPOTTY LEWIS FOR MONTHS NOW! IF THE GRAPEVINE TIPPED OFF LEWIS THAT THE COPS WERE AFTER HIM ON A KIDNAPING CHARGE-- SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOUR FATHER!





BUT SUPPOSE GRAVEL LEARNS ABOUT IT ANYWAY -- FROM THE CAPTURED THUG?

HE WON'T, SWEETHEART -- NOT IF I KNOW HOODS! A HOMICIDE RAP'S BAD ENOUGH -- WITHOUT SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH ABOUT HAVING TAKEN PART IN A KIDNAPING! **THAT'S** WHY I'M PRETTY SURE GRAVEL WON'T EVEN LEARN WHERE SPOTTY'S HANGING OUT!



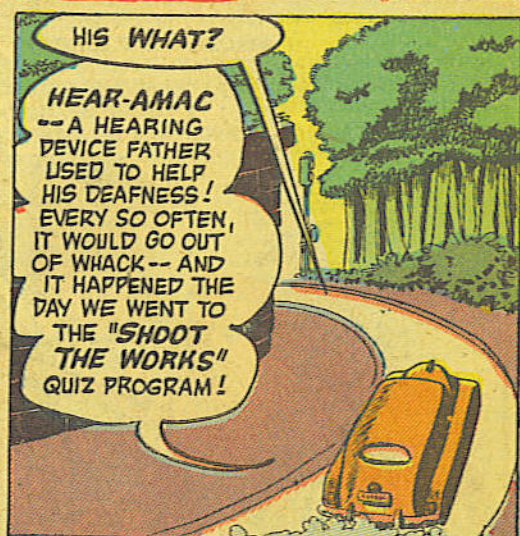
BUT WE'VE GOT TO, DANNY! SPOTTY LEWIS WILL LEARN FROM THE ACCOMPLICES WHO ESCAPED THAT I'M IN TOUCH WITH YOU -- AND **THAT** MAY PLACE FATHER'S LIFE IN DANGER, TOO!

O.K. -- LET'S START FROM SCRATCH!



FOR INSTANCE -- IS THERE ANY POSSIBILITY YOUR FATHER WAS KIDNAPED FOR A REASON **OTHER** THAN THAT TWENTY-FIVE GRAND HE WON -- A REASON THAT MIGHT TIE IN WITH **BERNIE THE BRAIN**?

ARE YOU TRYING TO HINT THAT MY FATHER HOBNOBBED WITH GANGSTERS? WHY, HE'S JUST A HARMLESS OLD MAN WHO SPENT PRACTICALLY ALL OF HIS TIME AT HOME FUSSING WITH HIS **HEAR-AMAC**!



HIS WHAT?

HEAR-AMAC -- A HEARING DEVICE FATHER USED TO HELP HIS DEAFNESS! EVERY SO OFTEN, IT WOULD GO OUT OF WHACK -- AND IT HAPPENED THE DAY WE WENT TO THE "**SHOOT THE WORKS**" QUIZ PROGRAM!



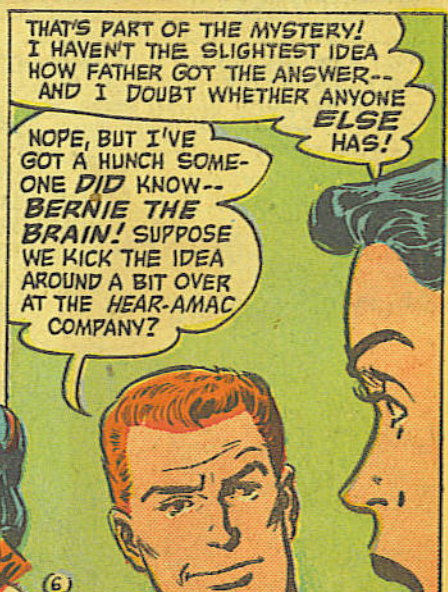
SINCE THE **HEAR-AMAC** COMPANY IS IN THE LOBBY OF THE CONTINENTAL BROADCASTING BUILDING, WE STOPPED OFF TO HAVE THE INSTRUMENT ADJUSTED AFTER GOING TO THE STUDIO! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT WAS JUST A WEEK AGO!

I'LL BET IT SEEMS LONG AGO TO YOUR OLD MAN -- NOW THAT HE HASN'T GOT HIS BOOKS AROUND!



BOOKS? BUT FATHER READ ONLY THE DAILY SPORTS PAGES!

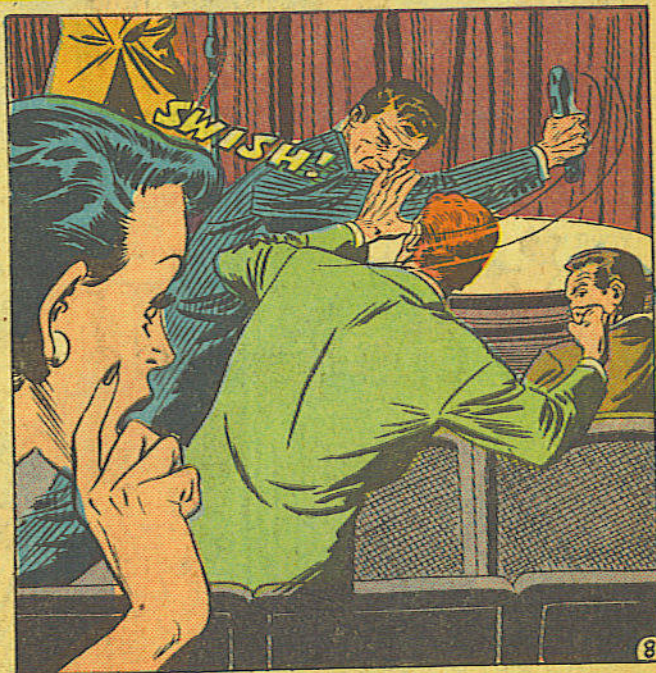
AND YET HE WON \$25,000 BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE STUDIO AUDIENCE WHO KNEW THAT THE ANCIENT GREEK GOD OF FIRE WAS NAMED **HEPHAESTUS**! HE DIDN'T DIG **THAT** UP FROM THE BOX SCORES, HONEY!



THAT'S PART OF THE MYSTERY! I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA HOW FATHER GOT THE ANSWER -- AND I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE **ELSE** HAS!

NOPE, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMEONE **DID** KNOW -- **BERNIE THE BRAIN**! SUPPOSE WE KICK THE IDEA AROUND A BIT OVER AT THE **HEAR-AMAC** COMPANY?

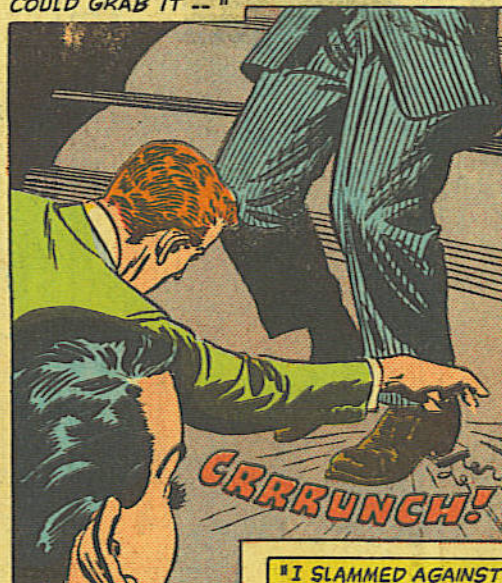






POW!

"WHAT I HAD JOLTED FROM HIS LAPEL LOOKED LIKE A TINY RADIO DEVICE! BUT BEFORE I COULD GRAB IT --"



CRRRUNCH!



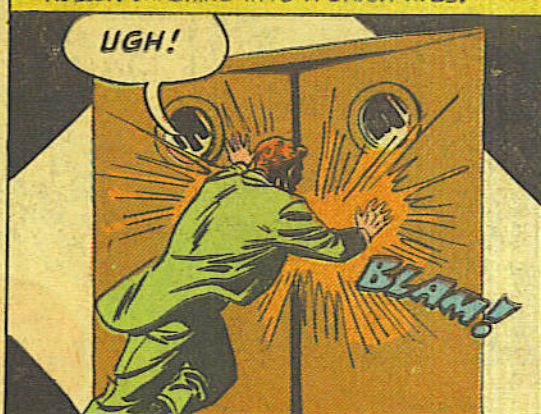
WAM!



THERE HE GOES--
SKIMMING OUT
THE STUDIO
DOOR!

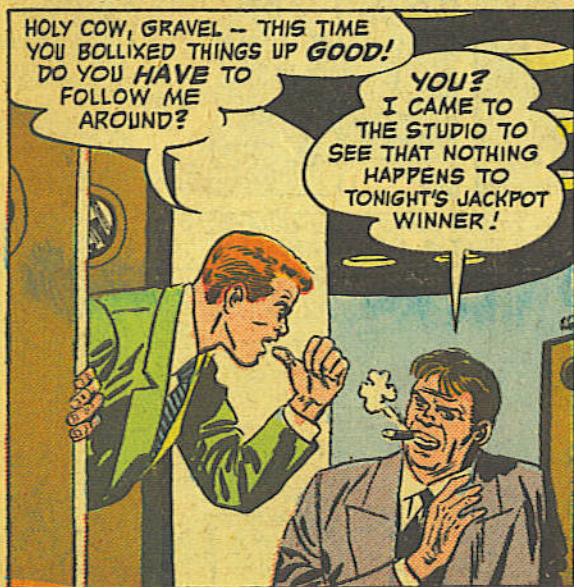
KEEP CALM,
CYNTHIA! IT MUST
BE SOME PUBLICITY
TRICK!

"I SLAMMED AGAINST THE STUDIO DOOR, EXPECTING TO LEAP INTO THE CORRIDOR-- BUT WHAT HAPPENED, INSTEAD, WAS LIKE A STEAM ROLLER CRASHING INTO A BRICK WALL!"



UGH!

BLAM!



HOLY COW, GRAVEL -- THIS TIME
YOU BOLLIXED THINGS UP **GOOD!**
DO YOU HAVE TO
FOLLOW ME
AROUND?

YOU?
I CAME TO
THE STUDIO TO
SEE THAT NOTHING
HAPPENS TO
TONIGHT'S JACKPOT
WINNER!

"IT WAS THEN THAT I SPILLED
THE BEANS -- BUT GOOD!"

YOU'VE
JUST SAID PLENTY,
SMART BOY! ALL I
KNEW **UNTIL** NOW WAS
THAT **BERNIE** THE BRAIN
MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS QUIZ PROGRAM BEFORE
HE CHECKED OUT! COME ON,
DANGER -- **WHAT'S WITH**
THIS KIDNAPING?

SO YOU FOUND OUT,
HUH? I COUNTED ON
THE THUG WE NAILED
IN THE PARK NOT
SAYING ANYTHING
ABOUT JEAN'S
FATHER BEING
KIDNAPED!



SKIP IT, CHUM--I'VE GOT A DATE WITH SOME FRESH AIR!

YEAH? IT'D BREAK MY HEART TO HAVE TO SLAP HANDCUFFS ON A COLLEAGUE, PAL-- BUT A SMART BOY LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BE OVER AT HEADQUARTERS, ANSWERING A FEW QUESTIONS!

BETTER WAIT FOR ME AT MY OFFICE, JEAN-- I WON'T BE LONG!

AH, YOU DREAMER, YOU! GET IN!

NOW LOOK, DANNY-- I KNOW HOW YOU PRIVATE EYES FEEL ABOUT A CASE! BUT YOU SEEM TO KNOW PLENTY THAT I *DON'T*-- AND I'M READY TO MAKE A DEAL!

DON'T TRY PLAYIN' DUMB WITH ME, FATHEAD! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO PUSH YOUR TEETH IN!

WHAT'S THAT YOU WERE MUTTERING, DANGER? WHO'S A FATHEAD?

OMIGOSH-- THE HEAR-AMAC IN MY POCKET! I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP!

EDDIE-- YOU STILL AT THE STUDIO? WELL, SKIP IT-- AND MEET US AT THE MIDTOWN BRIDGE! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THIS OLD CROCK THE BUMP FOR HOLDIN' OUT ON US!

FOR THE LAST TIME, DANGER-- YOU GONNA SPEAK UP AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

O.K., PAL-- I GUESS THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT!

"MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT TO A ONE-TRACK MIND LIKE GRAVEL'S-- ANYTHING WHIPPED OUT OF A POCKET CALLS FOR A FAST MOVE!"

DROP IT, DANGER!

HEY! LOOK OUT, YOU CHUMP!



"HIS PIGHEADED ATTITUDE WAS GETTING ME NOWHERE -- AND I DEFINITELY HAD SOMEWHERE TO GET!"



FIREMEN?



WHERE'S YOUR CIVIC SPIRIT, EMMY? WRITE OUT A CHECK FOR THE WHOLE BATCH--AND HAVE IT READY WHEN WE GET BACK-- **COME ALONG, BUDDY!**



"I EXPECTED THE WORST BY THE TIME THE FIREMAN AND I REACHED THE BRIDGE-- AND I WASN'T FAR FROM WRONG!"

MR. LEWIS--**DON'T!** YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! SURE, I WON THE QUIZ JACKPOT LAST WEEK-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE I HEARD A VOICE GIVING THE RIGHT ANSWER ON MY HEAR-AMAC! I DON'T KNOW THINGS LIKE HOW MUCH WATER FLOWS OVER NIAGARA FALLS--

YOU'RE GONNA KNOW PLENTY ABOUT HOW MUCH WATER FLOWS DOWN THERE! **DRAW HIM TO THE RAIL, BOYS!**



THANKS FOR GETTING THE FIREBOAT TO BRING ME HERE, MULDOON! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET THE FIRST SIX WALTZES WITH EMMY!

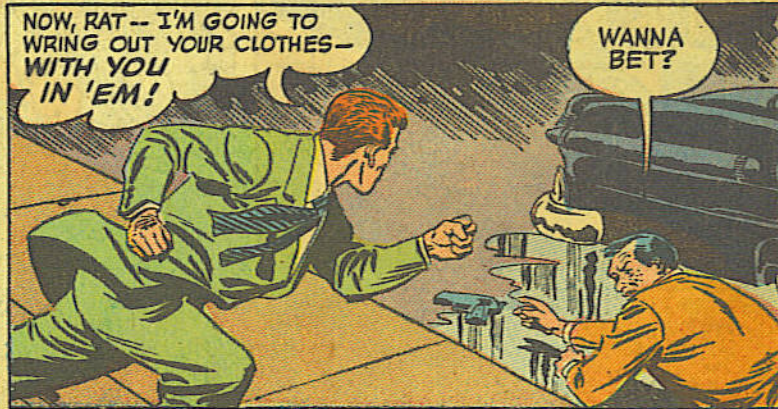


HERE'S SOME WATER FOR YOU, SPOTTY-- RIGHT FROM THE NOZZLE TO THE SCHNOZZLE!



NOW, RAT-- I'M GOING TO WRING OUT YOUR CLOTHES-- WITH YOU IN 'EM!

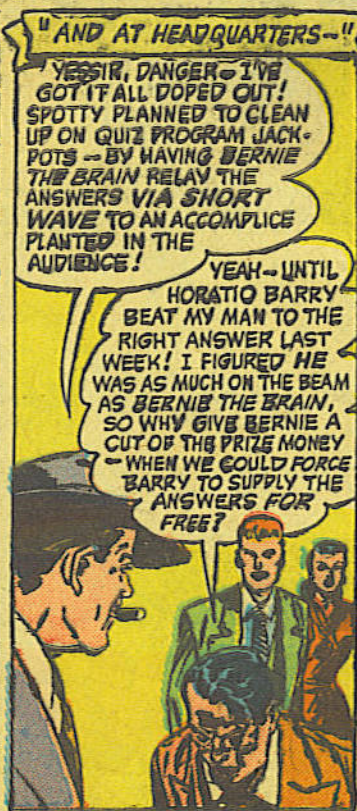
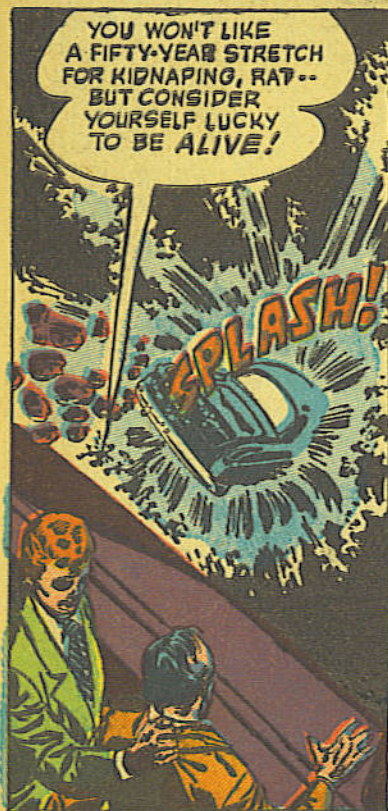
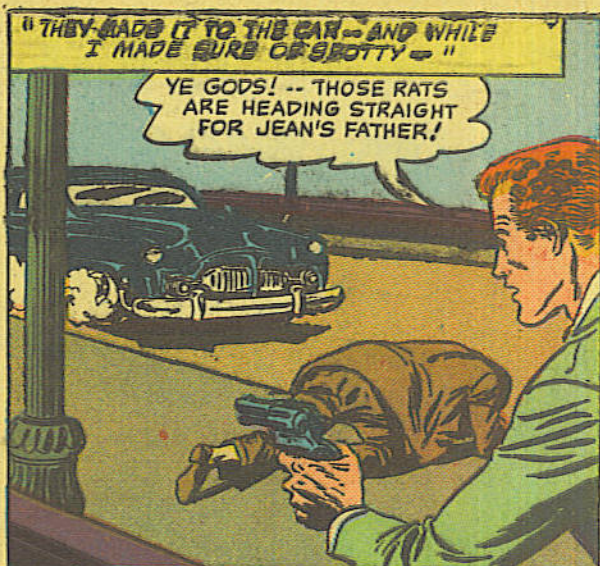
WANNA BET?



I'M NOT BETTING, YOU TINHORN PUNK-- I'M PAYING OFF!



POW!



Through *the most* **THESE PAGES PASS**
RED-BLOODED ADVENTURERS
of **HISTORY!**



It's the brand-new
comics magazine
that's got America
cheering!

HERE'S A COMIC THAT'S
AS DIFFERENT AS IT'S
NEW...AS THRILLING AS
IT'S CAPTIVATING! GIANT
52-PAGE SIZE...CHOCKFUL
OF BLAZING, COLORFUL ACTION
...AND JAMMED FROM COVER
TO COVER WITH TINGLING
HIGH ADVENTURE! MEET
ROMANCE, GLAMOR, EX-
CITEMENT...AS THROUGH
ITS GASP-LADEN PAGES
STALK SWASHBUCKLING
PIRATES, RECKLESS
ADVENTURERS, DARE-
DEVIL SOLDIERS OF
FORTUNE! ALL IN THIS
STARTLING NEW
MAGAZINE YOU CAN'T
AFFORD TO MISS...

The greatest, most challenging
comic ever published!

Soldiers
of **FORTUNE**

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS!

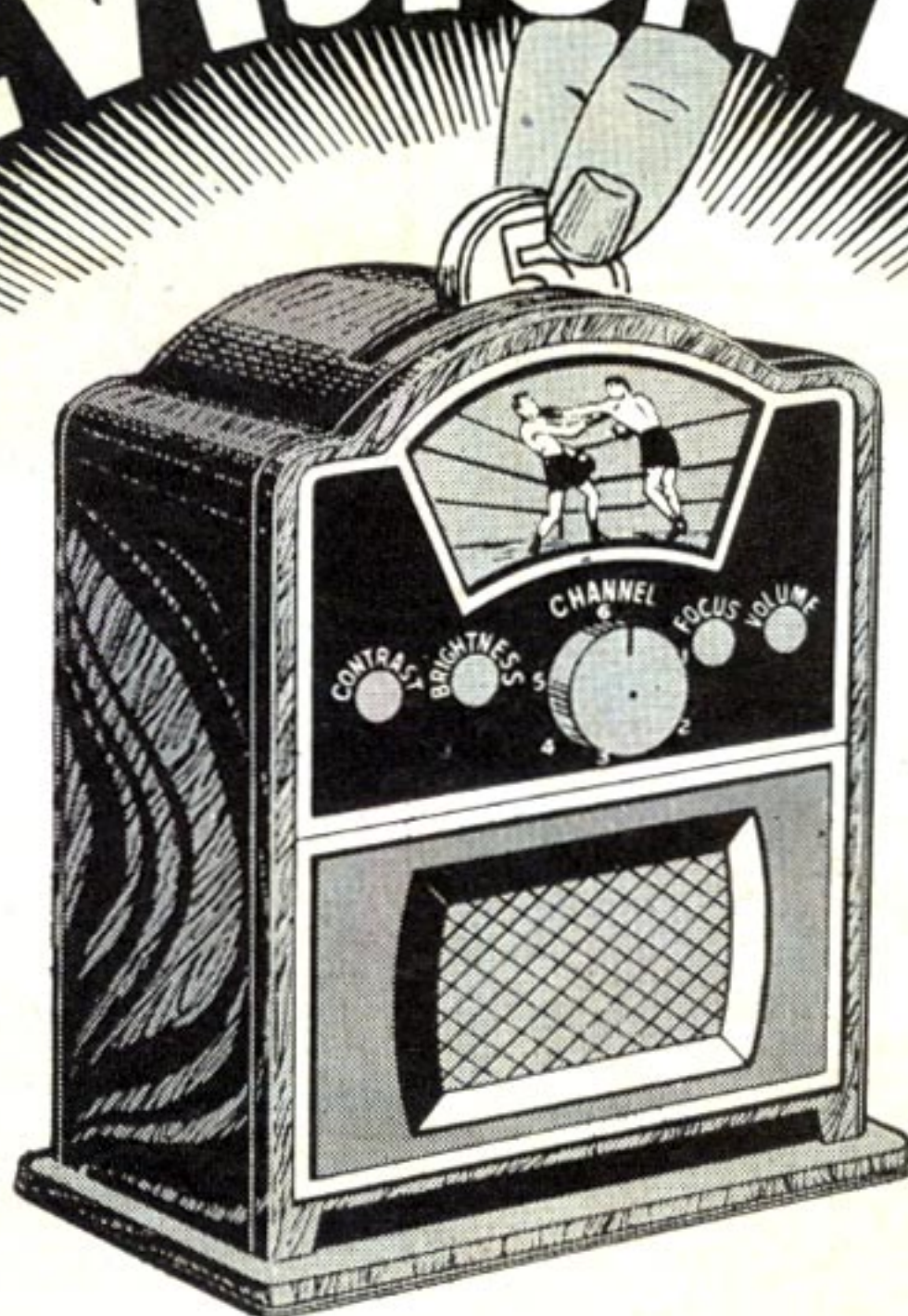
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 3IBC
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept 3IBC New York 2, N. Y.

FUN

ORDER TODAY!

FOR ALL!

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!
SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR
SHOWS REAL FILMS




- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS ONLY \$1.00

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIF VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

Imagine Only \$2.98
COMPLETE: Projector, One Film and Screen!

New any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

SHE'S NEW! SENSATIONAL!
NU-BORN BABY DOLL!



- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES — SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, spank her, cuddle her—she coos—she cries. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes — closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade!" **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. —Remit with order, we pay postage.)

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY 3.98 COMPLETE
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Be The "Life of the Party!" **FUN FOR ALL!**



ANYONE CAN PLAY EASY TO LEARN COMPLETE WITH MUSIC INSTRUCTIONS

Maura Loa UKE
JUST LIKE THE TV STARS USE!

Here's a wonderful ukelele that's so simple to play, so much fun to use! Boys, girls, adults—all will be the life of every party—because with the Maura Loa Uke, you can play all the popular songs with just a few hours practice. Nothing complicated to learn! If you can hum, sing or whistle a tune, you can play the Maura Loa Uke! Complete instruction booklet shows you how simple it is! **AND** with every order, we'll send you **FREE** a music sheet of old-time favorites and American folk songs!

ONLY \$3.98 COMPLETE **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money refunded in 3 days if not completely satisfied.

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS.
NURS-A-DOLLY **COMPLETE NURSING SET**



- She drinks; She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper — comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only 3.98 Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

FREE! WITH EVERY BANK PEANUTS 1/2 lb. TIN PEANUTS **NEW!** **PEANUT BANK** **EXCITING!**



SAVES MONEY — SERVES PEANUTS

- 7 1/2" HIGH!
- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monicle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear — out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, **MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK** is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

IMAGINE ONLY 2.98 COMPLETE

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept.

59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y. 141-A

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Nu-Born Doll \$3.98 ☐ Nurs-A-Dolly \$3.98

☐ Ukelele \$3.98 ☐ Peanut Bank \$2.98

☐ Television Projector \$2.98 (3 Films \$1.00)

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 141-A New York 3, N.Y.